A Description of the Calve's Head Club

THE

Secret History

OF THE

Calves-head Club:

OR, THE

Republican Unmask'd.

WITH

A large Continuation, and an APPENDIX to the HISTORY.

Wherein is fully ſhewn, The *Religion* of the *Calves-Head* Heroes, in their Anniverſary Thankſgiving-Songs on the xxxth of *January*, by them called *ANTHEMS*, With Reflections thereupon.

The **Seventh Edition,** *with large Improvements; and a Deſcription of the* Calves-head Club, *and the Effigies of* Oliver Cromwel *and his* Cabinet Council; *curiouſly engrav'd on* Copper Plates.

To which is annex'd, a Vindication of the Royal MARTYR, King *CHARLES* the Firſt. Wherein are laid open, the *Republicans* Myſteries of Rebellion. Written in the Time of the Uſurpation, by the Celebrated Mr. *Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*.

With a Character of a *Presbyterian*, written by Sir *John Denham*, Knight; And the Character of a *Modern Whig*; or, The *Republican* in Faſhion.

LONDON Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1709.

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To the Grave and Worſhipful

JOHN TUTCHIN, Eſq;

OBSERVATOR,

AND

Cenſor Morum General;

Superviſor of the Admiralty, Victualling-Office, Play-houſe, *Bartholomew*-Fair, Bear-garden, Defender of Parliaments, and Proteſtant *March* Beer, *&c.*

May it pleaſe your Worſhip,

YOU ſee I addreſs my ſelf to you in the ſubmiſſive and dutiful Language of your own *Countryman.*

There ought to be ſomewhat of *Propriety* between the *Preſent* made, and the *Perſon* for whom 'tis intended: Now, the *Olivers*,

the *Iritons*, the *Hewſons*, and the Generality of that curſed Crew, are (Thanks be to the Heavens) ſome Years ſince dead and rotten, and only ſurviving in the black *Annals* of *Rebellion*, or the blacker Memories and Principles of their accurſed Diſciples: I was at firſt heſitating, whether this *Piece* might not be ſuitably addreſs'd to our Reverend and Never-to-be-forgotten, the *Salamanca Doctor*; but my ſerious Cogitations were interrupted by *News*, *News*, great and wond'rous *News*, *London Gazette*, *Poſt-Man*, *Daily Courant*, and *Obſervator*. In the humble Retirement of a ſolitary and diſtant Village, any thing goes on with us; but the Word *Obſervator* ſurpriz'd me to the laſt Degree. Sir, *Roger*, I knew, had laid down the Cudgels long ago, and what Genius could or durſt undertake it now, after Dr. *Wellwood*'s doing Penance at the Bar of the *Houſe*, was my Amazement. I did you the *Juſtice*, Sir, that was due to your Paper; that is, in one Word, I perus'd it, and deſpis'd it, but did not repent my Purchaſe; for it gave me a great Inſight into the Tempers of ſome People, who under the Cloak of *Reformation*, find fault with every Man, Woman, and Child, that is not of their *Party*, and would ſlily inſinuate to the World, that every uncommon

mon *Diſpoſition* of the Heavens, is a *Malediction* and Judgment upon the Land, becauſe the beſt regulated *Communion* in the Univerſe, will not betray its *Rights*, and be Partakers of their *Hypocriſy*. Theſe are thoſe Pious Creatures that make a wry Face at a Puppet Shew, yet can juſtify cutting of Throats; that think a *Play-Houſe* prophane, and vindicate *Regicides*; that are for introducing new Methods in Sinning, and by a piece of ill Huſbandry, muſt needs make two Vices one, and tack their Hypocriſy to their own Iniquities. Such *Impoſitions* are intollerable, and the more ſo, becauſe the *Obſtinacy* of theſe, *Would be Saints*, is invincible.

We cannot but remark how the Leaven of the *Phariſees* has ſpread its *Contagion* through all your *Papers!* With what two-*handed*, as well as two-*edg'd* Weapons, you make your Attacks! How you take as many Opportunities of abuſing your *Gracious* and *Lawful Soveraign*, as praiſing her! Your nauſeous unhallowed Incenſe is more unſufferable, than that pretended Folly and Weakneſs you ſo continually beſpatter her *Miniſters* with. If you continue to give your ſelf ſuch Airs, you may in ſome time come to an unhappy Awe, tho' *very* merited *Dilemma*, and find your ſelf at laſt reduc'd to

the *infamous* Neceſſity of *Petitioning* to be *Hang'd*. We are not without a living Inſtance of one in ſuch Circumſtances; and who found his *Villanies* ſo deteſtable, that to make him carry the Weight of them ſtill about him, even ſuch a *Requeſt* was deny'd.

If your buſy Patrons, the *Reformers*, would begin at home, we ſhould leſs ſuſpect their Practices. Religion has been the continual Plea for all ſorts of Parties and Factions, and not only in the careleſs Ages, but even now, Godlineſs is a great Gain to ſome ſort of Folks. Now, the above-mention'd Grimaces do but make a mock War againſt the Devil, and employ their mercenary *Emiſaries* to ſin with Strangers, that they may more ſlily betray them afterwards; ſo that you firſt *Pervert*, and then as unreaſonably *Puniſh*. Now, would you adviſe your Country-man to drub the Jackets of theſe Fellows with his Oaken Cudgel, it would not be amiſs.

Several *Abuſes* you have deſervedly taken Notice of; you ſee I am for giving the Devil his Due, and have ſo far been ſerviceable to the *Government*, as it was highly neceſſary ſuch *Irregularities* in publick Offices ſhould be known, in order to bring the *Delinquents* to condign Puniſhment. Hitherto your Pen ſhall meet with all poſſible

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Acknowledgment; but where *Deformation* is only intended, tho' *Reformation* is the Word, no honeſt Man will approve of the Management.

Publickly to make Shew of *Zeal* and *Piety*, and what not, a grave *Cant* of florid Words, tho' it amuſes the Unthinking, yet we alaſs! ſee thro' the *Varniſh*, and find all is not Gold that gliſters: For to encourage, nay, even to connive at a *Calves-Head-Club*, runs ſo much counter to ſuch fair Pretences, that they are as irreconcilable as Light and Darkneſs: This publick Scandal to *Morality* and *Monarchy*, ſhews ſo inveterate and implacable an Averſion to *Crown'd Heads*, that it cannot but give us as juſt an *Odium* for them that celebrate it, as theſe horrid Villains that perpetrated it.

Here your Pen had met with a ſuitable Topick for your Satyr and Indignation; and as you are very well acquainted with their Practices, ſo your continued Silence upon that *execrable* Theme, does more than convince us that, you approve of it, and are *Secretary* to the abominable Society of *King-Killers*. What confirms us in this Opinion, your Worſhip, ſome Years ago, wrote a Copy of Verſes upon the Burning *Whitehall*, wherein you were pleaſed to obſerve the great Juſtice of Providence in the ſuffering

fering the lude and sinful Part of that *Palace*, where K. *C.* the II. enjoy'd his Concubines, to be burnt down to the Ground, but reserv'd that noble Pile, Anglice the *Banquetting*-House, from whence an Arbitrary Tyrant, meaning K. *C.* the I. was led to the Block to be a perpetual Spectacle to all Ages. On this Account, it was thought convenient to dedicate this *Piece* to you, that if it were possible you could be ignorant of it, you might have no further an Excuse for not informing your *Country-man* of such Inhuman and Diabolical Practices; and in that you will shew *Your Queen* how great and just a Veneration you have for Her in the Care you take of vindicating Her *August*, tho' unhappy *Grand Father*'s Ashes.

I am

Your Worship's Humble Admirer

As far as you deserve,

William Philanax.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Collection has been ſo induſtriouſly handed up and down, where it was thought it would be well received, and confirm thoſe Principles which too many have unhappily ſucked in, and raiſe the Confidence of thoſe who were thought too baſhful for their Party, that ſome honeſt Men have thought, that there could be no more effectual Remedy for the Miſchief it might do, or any ſurer Way to ſtop the Career, than a Publication: For tho' many may preſume, that under the Diſguiſe of Mirth, and

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the Protection of a free Converſation, they might ſafely venture to make an Experiment how far the Poiſon would work upon the Undiſcerning of untry'd Conſtitutions, eſpecially when Rhime and Muſick were the Vehicles, and under the Roſe *was the Word; yet it is believed, when the Malignity of the Draught is publickly diſcover'd, few will venture upon it without a ſufficient Antidote; and fewer have the Hardineſs to adminiſter it.*

Theſe Lines (for ſuch Ribbaldry and Traſh deſerve not the Name of Poems) were compos'd and ſet to Muſick for the Uſe of the Calves-Head Club, *which was erected by an impudent Set of People, who have their Feaſt of Calves-Heads in ſeveral Parts of the Town, on the* 30th *of* January, *in Deriſion of the Day, and Defiance of Monarchy; at divers of which Meetings, the following Compoſitions were*

were ſung, and in Affront to the Church, call'd Anthems. *Theſe which are here publiſh'd, are ſaid to have been written by* Mr. Benj. Bridgewater, *and that he was largely rewarded by the Members of the* Club *for his Pains. Whether* Mr. Stevens *was ſo well gratify'd for his Sermons to the ſame Tune, and on the ſame Days, is more than the Publiſher dares ſay; but perhaps the Pulpit was a Bar to his Pretenſions, and the Poet had been better rewarded, than the Preacher, had his Sermons been put into Rhime.*

However, it is hoped, that this Publication may give a Check to the Evil of the Example, and deſtroy the Continuance of the Practice, or at leaſt give fair Warning, and take away the Pretence of Surprize from thoſe, who ſhall proceed to inſult the Government in ſo ſaucy and ſo villainous a Manner.

But whatever the Succeſs may be, the Publiſher doubts not but his Intentions are juſtify'd, and wiſhes the Effect may demonſtrate the Reaſonableneſs of them, by putting an End to ſo unchriſtian and ſcandalous a Practice

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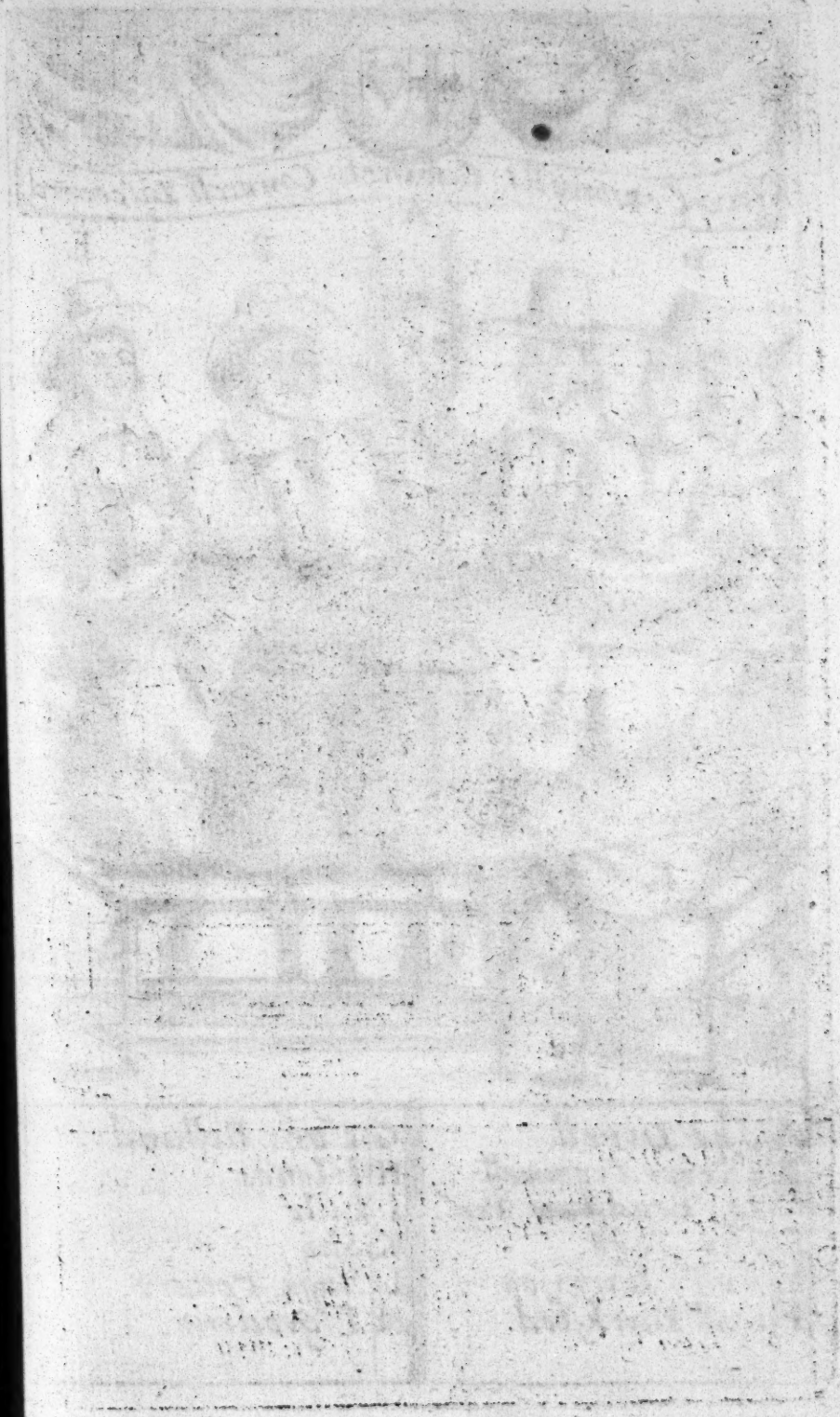
THE



A	The: Divell	G	Cor: Holland
B	Olever: Cromwell	H	I: Iones
C	Ig: Bradshaw Pres:	I	Liſle
D	Tho: Scott	K	Say
E	Colt: Harriſon	L	Hugh Petters
F	Colt: Barkſted	M	I: Goodwin

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE Calves-Head Club,

When Erected, and where Kept, &c.

'TIS a prodigious Thing to conſider, (and for the Honour of my native Country, I wiſh I could ſay it was a falſe Imputation upon her) that the *execrable Regicides* of King *Charles* the Firſt, ſhould find any Advocates or Abettors ſtill among us.

I ſay, 'tis prodigious, that after the whole Nation, by their Repreſentatives in *Parliament* aſſembled, has enacted ſo ſolemn a Deteſtation of this natural Parricide, and appointed a Day of Humiliation for it, to continue to all Ages of the World, there ſhould be ſuch a Set of *Bouteſews* yet remaining, ſo impudently audacious, as to juſtify

a Crime, for which the Three Kingdoms have ſmarted ſo ſeverely; and in there wicked Merriment, to act over, as much as in them lies, that Tragical Scene, which has juſtly made us famous in the remoteſt Corners of the Univerſe.

Was it not enough, that a powerful *Prince*, ally'd to moſt of the *Crown'd Heads* in *Chriſtendom*, was deſpoil'd of that juſt Authority, wherewith the Laws of *God* and *Man* had inveſted him, and laſtly of his *Life*; but that he muſt be moſt barbarouſly perſecuted after his Death, and ſuffer thoſe Indignities in his *Memory*, when *dead*, which he had ſo plentifully ſuffer'd in his *Perſon*, when *living*?

There is a time when the moſt implacable Malice is ſatiated, and exerts it ſelf no longer. The moſt Savage Nations ſeldom or never carried their Reſentments beyond the *Grave*; and thought it a Piece of barbarous Cowardiſe, to inſult upon the *Aſhes* that could not ſpeak for themſelves.

But the *Royal Matyr* has been treated, if 'tis poſſible, with more Inhumanity after his Deſolation, than he was expoſed to when under the Power of his Rebellious Subjects. He has not only been ſtigmatiz'd by the odious Name of *Tyrant*, who was in Truth the beſt and moſt *merciful Father* of his

his *Country*, and loaded with a thouſand Calumnies; but, what ſhews the reſtleſs Malice of his Adverſaries, even that incomparable *Book of Devotion*, compos'd by him in his Solitude, and the time of his deepeſt Afflictions, and which no Pen but his one could have written, has been adjudged from him by a * late *Mercenary Author*; although 'tis certain to any Man, at leaſt that can diſtinguiſh Stiles, that the Perſon, to whom the *Republicans* aſcribe it, was no more capable of writing ſo excellent a Piece, than the aforeſaid Compiler of *Milton*'s Life, of writing an Orthodox Syſtem of the *Myſteries* of *Chriſtianity*.

Thus, as he was torn from his *Queen* and *Children* in his *Life*, he was *Robb'd*, as far as it lay in the Power of his malicious Enemies, even of the legitimate Iſſue of his Brain; tho', as Truth, but eſpecially Truth injuriouſly oppreſs'd, never wants ſome generous Hands to defend its Cauſe; ſo all the Arguments that have been uſed by the *Republicans*, to prove it a ſpurious Piece, have been fully anſwer'd by a worthy † *Divine* now living, beyond all Poſſibility of a Reply.

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* See *Toland*'s Life of *Milton*. † Dr. *WAGSTAFF*.

The Barbarity of his Enemies, ſtopt not here; for not content to have *Aſſaſſinated* his *Perſon* and *Reputation*, they even diſpoſſeſſed him of his *Sepulchre*, (a piece of Cruelty, which none but ſuch thorow-pac'd *Villains* ever executed) for when the long † *Parliament* had voted an *Honourable* Interment for their late *Prince*, who had ſuffer'd ſo unjuſtly, all was ſtopt, by reaſon that the Perſons order'd to regulate the Ceremony, when they came to examine the Royal Coffin, found the Body miſſing.

This puts me in mind of what a worthy *Gentleman*, who travell'd with my Lord *A*------ into *Italy*, told me ſome Years ago, *viz.* That during his ſhort Stay at *Bern* in *Switzerland*, a Syndic of the Town, who uſed frequently to viſit Major General *Ludlow*, when he lived in thoſe *Parts*, aſſured him, that he had often heard *Ludlow*, in a vaunting manner affirm, That tho' *Ireton* and *Cromwell* were buried under *Tyburn*, yet 'twas a Comfort to him, that the *Royal Martyr* kept them Company; for, ſays he, foreſeeing that his *Son* would undoubtedly come in, we took care that his *Father's Body* ſhould not be Idolatrouſly Worſhipped by the

† See Dr. *NALSON's Preface to the King's Tryal.*

the *Caviliers*; and therefore privately remov'd it to the place of Common Execution.

Whether the Matter of Fact, as *Ludlow* related it, be true or falſe, 'tis not material here to enquire, tho' I think nothing can give any honeſt Man a juſter and greater Averſion to the Libertines of that Party, than to obſerve, that their Malice has no Bounds, and that it neither ſpares the Dead, nor the Living.

But of all the Indignites offer'd to the *Manes* of this injur'd *Prince*, nothing, in my Opinion, comes up to the Inhumanity and Prophaneneſs of the *Calves-Head Club*.

For my part, I was of Opinion at firſt, That the Story was purely contriv'd on purpoſe to render the *Republicans* more odious than they deſerv'd; for I could not imagine how any Men, that pretended to be *Chriſtians*, or call'd themſelves *Engliſh-men*, could calmly and ſedately applaud an Action, condemn'd not only by the Word of GOD, but by the Laws of the Land, to which they pretend to pay ſo great a Deference.

As for the *Regicides*, who were actually concern'd in this *execrable Tragedy*, this may be ſaid however in favour of them, (if I may be allow'd ſo to expreſs my ſelf towards Criminals of that Magnitude) that having gone

gone so far in their Wickedness, and given his *Majesty* such insupportable Provocations, and, what is more, measuring his Clemency by their own, they concluded he could never forgive them; and therefore, like *Cataline*, found themselves under the Necessity of committing greater Crimes, in order to cover themselves from what was past.

But what can be offer'd to extenuate the Crime of these *Atheistical Miscreants*, who make that a Matter of their lewd Mirth, which the whole Nation has in the most solemn manner, ever since lamented; and over their Cups applauded the most wicked Action which the Sun ever beheld?

For this Reason my good Nature made me look upon it as a Fiction upon the Party, 'till happening, in the late *Reign*, to be in the Company of a certain *active Whig*, who in all other Respects, was a Man of Probity enough, he assured me, that to his Knowledge 'twas true, that he knew most of the *Members* of that *Club*; and that he had been often invited to their *Meetings*, but that he had always avoided them; adding, that according to the Principles he was bred up in, he would have made no Scruple to have met *Charles* the First in the Field, and oppos'd him to the utmost of his Power; but

but that since he was dead, he had no farther Quarrel to him, and looked upon it as a cowardly Piece of Villainy, below any Man of Honour, to insult upon the Memory of a Prince, who had suffer'd enough in his Life-time.

He farther told me, that *Milton*, and some other Creatures of the Commonwealth, had instituted this *Club*, as he was inform'd, in Opposition to Bp. *Juxon*, Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Hammond*, and other *Divines* of the Church of *England*, who met privately every 30*th* of *January*; and though it was under the Time of the *Usurpation*, had compil'd a private Form of Service for the Day, not much different from what we now find in the *Liturgy*.

That after the Restauration, the Eyes of the Government being upon the whole Party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of Precaution; but now, says he, (and this was the second Year of King *William*'s Reign) they meet almost in a publick Manner, and apprehend nothing.

By another Gentleman, who, about eight Years ago, went out of Curiosity to see their *Club*, and has since furnish'd me with the following Papers; I was informed, that it was kept in no fix'd House, but that they removed as they saw convenient;

that the Place they met in, when he was with 'em, was in a blind Alley about *Moorfields*, where an Ax hung up in the Club-Room, and was reverenced as a principal Symbol in this Diabolical Sacrament. Their Bill of Fare, was a large Diſh of *Calves-Heads* dreſſed ſeveral ways; a large *Pike* with a ſmall one in his Mouth, as an Emblem of Tyranny; a large *Cod's-Head*, by which they pretended to repreſent the Perſon of the King ſingly, as by the *Calve's-Head* before they had done him, together with all them that had ſuffer'd in his Cauſe; a *Boar's-Head* with an Apple in its Mouth, to repreſent the King by this as Beaſtial, as by the others they had done Fooliſh and Tyrannical. After the Repaſt was over, one of their Elders preſented an *Eikon Baſilike*, which was with great Solemnity burn'd upon the Table, whilſt the *Anthems* were ſinging. After this, another produc'd *Milton's Defenſio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all laid their Hands, and made a Poteſtation in Form of an Oath, for ever to ſtand by, and maintain. The Company wholly conſiſted of *Independants* and *Anabaptiſts*, (I am glad for the Honour of the *Preſbyterians* to ſet down this Remark;) that the famous *Jerry White*, formerly Chaplain to *Oliver Cromwell*, who, no doubt on't, came

came to ſanctify with his *pious Exhortations*, the *Rebaldry* of the *Day*, ſaid *Grace*; that after the *Table-Cloath* was removed, the Annaverſary *Anthem*, as they impiouſly call'd it, was ſung, and a *Calve's-Skull* fill'd with Wine, or other Liquor, and then a Brimmer went about to the *pious Memory* of thoſe worthy *Patriots* that had kill'd the *Tyrant*, and deliver'd their Country from his *arbitrary Sway*; and laſtly, a Collection made for the *Mercenary* Scribler, to which every Man contributed according to his Zeal for the Cauſe, and Ability of his Purſe.

I have taken Care to ſet down what the Gentleman told me, as faithfully as my Memory would give me leave; and I am perſwaded, that ſome Perſons that frequent the *Black Boy* in *Newgate Street*, as they knew the Author of the following Lines, ſo they know this Account of the *Calves-Head* Club to be true.

Now, I will appeal to any unprejudiced *Engliſh-man*, whether ſuch *ſhameful Aſſemblies* ought not to be ſuppreſſed with the utmoſt Diligence?

Let us conſider them either in Relation to the Chriſtian Religion we profeſs, or to common Humanity and good Manners, or laſtly, to the Laws of the Land, and they affront all equally.

Therefore I hope the *Mageſtrates* and others, whom it concerns, will take Care, eſpecially now, ſince they have the Countenance of the Government, to prohibit, as far as in them lies, and detect theſe wicked Meetings, that the Perſons there aſſembling, may be puniſh'd as they deſerve.

Tho' no Man abominates Perſecution more than my ſelf, yet I will venture to ſay, that a Set of People, who wiſh the Subverſion of our *Eccleſiaſtical* and *Civil* Eſtabliſhment, (as appears by the following Papers) ought to expect no Quarter from our Hands.

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THE CHARACTER OF A *Calves-Head Club-man.*

HE is the Spawn of a Regicide, hammer'd out of a rank *Anabaptiſt* Hypocrite; his Father was enabled to beget him by the Fat of ſequeſtered Lands, upon a Bed ſtollen from an honeſt Cavalier. His villainous Principles he imbib'd in his Mother's Womb, nouriſh'd them, when Born, with her infectious Milk, and is an incorrigible Rebel by Inſtinct of Nature; improv'd into an incarnate Devil by the early Infuſions of his Nurſe, which were ripen'd to Maturity by a malicious Education. He is harden'd

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in his Hatred to Kings and Biſhops, beyond the Influence of Grace, or Check of Conſcience; and thinks nothing can be a more meritorious Act, than to ſacrifice either to the Fury of a mad Rabble, who, when they have but Liberty and Property in their Mouths, always let looſe the Devil in their Hearts, and believe the very Name of the Proteſtant Religion, gives a Sanction to their Villainies. He is a Republican Monſter, ſo full of Paſſion and Prejudice, that he is blind to all Truth, and deaf to all Reaſon; and is ſo curſedly obſtinate in the Juſtification of his own Errors, that it is as eaſy a Matter for a Man to take an Elephant by the Snout, and throw him over his Back, as a Fox does a Gooſe, as it is to convince him of any ſtarted Oppoſition to own partial Sentiments. When he talks about Religion or Government, it is generally with as much Violence as a Fiſh-Woman Scolds; and the Wiſe-Men of *Gotham* might as well have hedg'd in their *Cukkow*, as a Man confine him within the Bounds of good Manners. When he diſputes his Principles, he is as hot as Pepper, as biting as Muſtard, and as ſour as Vinegar. He always talks as impudently of Great Men, as if they were his Fellows, and ſnuffs up his Noſe at the Name of a King, as if the very

very Title it ſelf was grown offenſive to his Noſtrils. He cannot ſpeak with Reſpect towards our Government, but a Common-wealth; and if you do but ſay one Word in behalf of the Court, or its Favourites, in his Company, he would with more Patience hear you ſpeak twice as much in the Praiſe of the Devil; for it is a Maxim amongſt ſuch Rebels, (*viz.*) That all Kings are Tyrants, and their Favourites Betrayers of their Country. His chiefeſt Recreation is, to invent falſe Calumnies; and his greateſt Induſtry, is to ſpread them when he has done. His Lies are always levell'd at thoſe worthy Perſons, who are moſt difficult to be hit; which is one great Reaſon, why his Malice is ſo often diſappointed. He always accuſes his Enemies of his own Evils, and meaſures out their Corn by the deceitful Buſhel that belongs to his own Party. The moſt daring Hypocrite of his Aſſociates, is always cry'd up as the greateſt Saint; and the moſt virtuous and pious Enemy to their wicked Principles, is always cry'd down as a High-flyer, a Papiſt, and a Traytor to his Country. He is an impatient Angler, who thinks it beſt fiſhing in troubled Waters; and hates Peace and Quietneſs, as much as a poor Debter does the Sight of a Bayliff, or a Country Farmer a wet Harveſt. He is

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ſo deeply affected with the Memory of his Anceſtors Villainy, that he longs for nothing more, than the like Opportunity of brewing his own Hands in Royal Punch, that the Son might have the Satisfaction of being full as wicked as his Father. He has more wild Wrinkles in his Head relating to Government, than a crack-Brain'd Mathematician has concerning perpetual Motion; and has more Ambition in his Breaſt, than the moſt extravagant Tyrant in the Univerſe. He is very fearful of being made a Slave, but is very deſirous of being a Slave-maker; for when ever he crys out for Liberty, he is endeavouring to deſtroy it; and never thinks himſelf a compleat Free-man, 'till the Nation he lives in, has no Religion to guide him, no Law to puniſh him, and no Prince to govern him; for his chief Aim is to pull down all, when the Madneſs of the common People gives him a fair Opportunity. In all Conditions, he is as reſtleſs as a froward Infant, whilſt breeding of his Teeth; will pleaſe no Government, and with no Government be pleas'd. He is as Tempeſtuous as the Ocean, that ſwells into Rage with every Gale that happens, and ſeldom reconciles himſelf to a Calm, 'till, like that, he has been the Occaſion of ſome remarkable Miſchief. He

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is one that is very ſwift to Revenge, but very ſlow to Gratitude; and like an ill temper'd Jade, loves to run forward when he is check'd, and to hang an Arſe when he is driven. When angry, he looks as ſullen, and as gloomy as a Thunder Cloud, and like that, makes a wonderful deal of Noiſe, whenever he ſpits his Venom. He is never better pleaſed, than when he has got it in his Power to oppreſs others, which he certainly makes uſe of without Mercy; yet no Body bears the ſlighteſt Sufferings with ſo much Envy and Impatience as himſelf, though he knows in his own Conſcience, he has juſtly deſerved his Puniſhment. He is a harſh Man to his Inferiors, and a haughty Man to his Betters; a ſevere Tyrant in Authority, and a turbulent Incendiary amongſt Magiſtrates, when he is out of it. The more his Miſcarriages are conniv'd at, the more impudent he grows; and the more Mercy you ſhew him, the leſs he will ſhew you. He is of the Nature of a Nettle, the more gently you handle him, the more apt he is to hurt you; but if ever you meddle with him, the beſt way to ſecure your ſelf, is to gripe him hard. He is one that hates all Men, but ſuch who are as wicked as himſelf; and loves nothing ſo well in this World, as a

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Calves-Head upon the 30*th* of *January*; but the next time that he ſits down to one, in Deriſion of the Sufferings of the Royal Matyr, I hearitly wiſh, that the Devil may Choak him. *Amen.*

A Song on the 30*th of* January, 1690.

I.

NOW let's ſing, carouſe, and roar,
The happy Day is come once more;
For to Revel,
Is but civil,
As our Fathers did before;
Who, when the Tyrant would enſlave us,
Chopp'd his Calves-Head off to ſave us.

II.

Let each Youth his Love forſake,
And a merry Bumper take;
Let no Round-Head
Here be grounded,
And drink dry the *French*-Man's Lake:

Thus in Clarret we careſs us,
'Till old Puſs awake and bleſs us.

III.

Let the Prelates now go on,
And rail afreſh at Forty One,
The depoſing
They're 'ſpouſing,
We the Father, they the Son.
Through the Treaſon, they did find us,
They, my Friends, are not behind us.

IV.

Then let's Laugh and Revel here,
And of our Calves-Head make good Chear;
This we Diſh up,
And no Biſhop
Dines without one all the Year:
Thus we proſper without fighting,
In Practice and in Food uniting.

Reflections on a Song on the 30*th of* January, 1690.

OF all the *Balladian Smith-field* Jingles, that ever any perſecuted Ear underwent the Pennance of, the foregoing Madrigal is certainly the pooreſt Stuff, for beſides the Impudence and Scurility ſo plentifully diffus'd thro' every Stanza thereof, the Incoherence is ſo great, and the Nonſenſe ſo inimitable, that the Stupidity of the Author, ought to ſtand regiſtered in his Works, behind every Houſe of Office Door, belonging to thoſe Houſes, where their inhuman Feaſts have been ſo impudently ſolemniz'd.

The Reader may obſerve in this, as well as moſt of their other *Ballads*, that their Malice is not only levell'd at the Monarch, but equally at the Church; for Biſhops, as well as Kings, they all along make the Subjects of their venomous Scurility; ſo that the very Bleſſings they ſeem to hope for by a Subverſion, both of Church and State, can be no other than the Liberty of Sinning, without Penalty or Puniſhment; and the Property of robbing honeſt Men of their Rights, without being call'd to an account for it. *Anni-*

Anniversary Anthem, 1693.

I.

ONce more, my Muſe, reſume thy chearful Lire,
Let this Day's Acts eternal Thoughts inſpire;
Let every ſmiling Glaſs with Mirth be crown'd,
While Healths to *England*'s native Rights go round,
One ſuch another Day as this alone,
Would fully for a Nation's Sin atone.
'Tis a ſure Symtom, that the People's bleſs'd,
When once a haughty Tyrant's diſpoſſeſs'd.
Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd, and all the tuneful Nine*
Rejoice, and in the ſolemn Chorus *join.*

II.

Again, my Muſe, immortal *Brutus* ſing,
Whoſe daring Sword expell'd a Tyrant King:
Then

Then bravely fought, and bravely overcame,
To give *Rome* Freedom, and eternal Fame.
Such Force has Liberty, such conqu'ring Charms,
That the whole World submitted to their Arms.
What Wreaths shall we prepare, and how re-
(hearse
His lasting Worth in everlasting Verse?

Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd*, &c.

III.

Triumphant Laurels too must Crown that
(Head,
Whose righteous Hand struck *England*'s Tyrant
(dead:
The *Heroes* too, adorn'd with Blood and Sweat,
Who forc'd th' opposing Monster to retreat.
Heaven still before a leading Angel sent;
They conquer'd, 'cause they on his Errand went.
Like the *Israelites* of old, their Chains they broke,
Guided by Pillars both of Fire and Smoke.

Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd*, &c.

IV.

'Tis Force must pull a lawless Tyrant down;
But

But give Men Knowledge, and the Prieſt's un-
(done.
When once the lurking Poyſon is deſcry'd,
His juggling Tricks are all in vain apply'd.
In vain he Whines, in vain he Cants and Prays,
There's not a Man believes one Word he ſays:
'Tis true, Religion is the grand Pretence;
But Power and Wealth's the Mythologick Senſe.

Chor. Apollo's *pleasd.* &c.

V.

Then fill the longing Glaſs with ſpritely
(Wine,
Our Cauſe is Juſtice, and the Health's Divine.
The Heroes ſmile, and our Delights approve,
Which adds new Joys to thoſe they find above:
'Twas ſo they Honour, ſo they Conqueſt ſought;
Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
They love to ſee us thus our Homage pay,
And bleſs the juſt Occaſion of the Day.

Chor. Apollo's *pleas'd,* &c.

Reflections

Reflections on an Anniverſary Anthem, ſung at the Calves-Head Club, *on the* 30*th of* January, 1693.

THE diabolical Principles, and inveterate Malice of theſe rebellious Miſcreants, cannot well be render'd more odious to the Publick, than they are made to appear by themſelves, in the firſt Stanza of the foregoing Anthem, as they impudently call it; wherein they moſt wickedly deſire to be *eternally inſpir'd* with the ſame *Blood-thirſty Thoughts* that mov'd their villainous Predeceſſors to perpetrate that barbarous Murder, which they ſo Helliſhly committed upon the beſt of Princes; and to further ſhew what an irreconcilable Hatred they have to our *Engliſh* Conſtitution, *viz.* Monarchical Government, in the fifth Line of the ſame Stanza, they are ſo far from looking upon their paſt Cruelty to the Royal Martyr, to be ſinful and abominable, that they wiſh *for ſuch another Day, to attone for the Sins of the Nation:* As if Innocent and Royal Blood, ſhed by the vile Hands of rebellious Mur-

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Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
They love to ſee us thus our Homage pay,
And bleſs the juſt Occaſion of the Day.

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derers, could be an acceptable Sacrifice to Heaven, in order to appeaſe the Wrath of the Divine Majeſty, for our Wickedneſs againſt him. Good God! what Devils in Human Shape muſt thoſe accurſed Wretches be, who dare to blaſpheme Heaven with ſuch Infernal Suggeſtions, and blacken their Creator's Image with ſuch damnable provoking Principles, which ought, without a publick Recantation, to be puniſhed with Death in this World, and doubtleſs will, without a cordial Repentance, be ſeverely rewarded with Damnation in the next.

In Stanza the third, the Reader may obſerve, with what audacious Inſolence they extol the infamous Hand of the tranſcendant Villain, who gratify'd their Malice with that execrable Stroke, which the moſt barbarous Executioner would have trembled at the Sight of, and have ſtartled at an Importunity to have perform'd, not only ſo cruel, but ſo deſperate an Office.

This Poem being all of a Piece, it would have prov'd but a dull Taſk to have remark'd more of its Particulars, becauſe the Poetaſter, in every Stanza, harps much upon the ſame String.

Anni-

Anniverſary Anthem, 1694.

I.

THE Storm is blow over, the Tempeſt is (paſt,
The Tyrant is fallen, and is conquer'd at laſt.
Our Fathers reſolv'd it, and bravely 'twas done,
To ſave the whole Kingdom by lopping the (Crown.
By her Looks, we diſcover'd the Nation was (pleas'd,
Her Fears were all vaniſh'd, her Troubles were (eas'd.
Whilſt we Yearly commend an Attempt (ſo Divine,
And applaud the juſt Action with Calves-Head (and Wine.

Chorus.

II.

Thus *Rome*, when ſhe ſuffer'd by ſeven lewd (Kings,
That ſhackled her Freedom, and pinion'd her (Wings,
Long Time ſhe ſat mournful, as *England* had (done,
And bow'd to the Weight of a Tyrannous (Throne;

'Till urg'd with new Griefs, ſhe for Liberty (cry'd,
And Liberty round the glad Eccho reply'd;
Whilſt *Brutus* reſolv'd to give *Tarquin* his Doom,
And offer a King to the Welfare of *Rome*.

Chorus.

III.

When by Tyrants Endeavours the People are (preſt,
Let this noble Example inſpire ev'ry Breaſt
With the ſame Reſolutions to defend the Good (Cauſe,
The Subjects juſt Rights, their Religion and (Laws.
Then fill the Calves Cranium to a Health ſo (Divine,
The Cauſe, the old Cauſe ſhall ennoble our (Wine;
Charge briſkly around, fill it up, fill it full,
'Tis the laſt and beſt Service of a Tyrannick (Scull.

IV.

Then, Boys, let's drink a Bumber, ſince their (Actions made us great,
Let us lay our Trophies at their Feet;

The

The Cauſe gave Courage to the Soldiers, taught
(them how their Foes to beat,
That alone could free a captiv'd State.

V.

Then to Puſs, Boys, to Puſs, Boys,
Let's drink it off thus Boys,
As our Fathers did, and the World ſhall us adore;
It's happier to die, Boys,
Than in Slavery to lie Boys;
Thus the Heroes choſe it, and bravely dy'd be-
(fore.

Reflections

Reflections on an Anniverſary Anthem, ſung at the Calves-Head Club *the* 30*th of* January, 1694.

THE Drift of their ryming Secretary, I find in all his rebellious *Ballads*, which, inſtead of *Anniverſary Anthems*, I think they ought to have been call'd, is much the ſame, with very little Variation of Thought, tho' in his Meaſure I muſt confeſs there is ſome Variety, which I ſuppoſe was principally owing to the Difference of the Tunes, ſcandaliz'd with their rebellious Poetry; for finding (as I ſuppoſe) no Muſician in the Town, that would degenerate ſo far from his own harmonious Nature, as to herd with ſuch an infamous Society, who, like Imps and Furies, delight in nothing but Diſcord and Confuſion, they were forc'd to diſhonour ſome old Tunes or other, with their inharmonical Bombaſt, which might be a Diſadvantage to their King-killing *Anthem*-maker, who, if he had underſtood Muſick, it would have certainly ſoften'd his Nature,

Nature, and reform'd his Principles, as well as his Poetry, that he would have ſcorn'd to have made himſelf ſo infamous an Author.

In the firſt Stanza of the foregoing *Anthem*, after (as in all the reſt) he has wickedly applauded the Murder of King *Charles* the Firſt; in the laſt two Lines there is great Satisfaction given to all ſuch Perſons, who, thro' the Honeſty of their own Principles, and an utter Abhorrence of the treaſonable Barbarity aforemention'd, could not believe, that among Human Race, there could be found ſuch an impious Society of incorrigible Rebels, that ſhould dare to provoke Heaven, and ſhame Earth, by keeping up a joyful *Anniverſary* upon ſo dreadful an Occaſion. But all ſuch Perſons, who thro' their Charity to Mankind, have been hitherto unwilling to believe there is any ſuch wicked Cabal as the *Calves-Head Club*, annually ſolemniz'd upon the 30*th* of *January*, by a pack of King-killing Villains, may be convinc'd in their own Words, which in the foregoing Song are pointed to by a Hand, ſo that a Recital is unneceſſary.

In the firſt Line of the ſecond Stanza, their Author is pleas'd to give the Epithet of

of *Lewd*, to all the *ſeven Roman Kings*, tho' we cannot find, by Hiſtory, it was due to any, but to *Tarquin*; but all Kings are to him alike criminal, for amongſt ſuch bad Men, none are accounted Good that bear the Royal Title.

In the beginning of his *Anthem*, he mimicks a Song in the *Innocent Adulterer*, call'd, (*viz.*) *The Danger is over*, and concludes it with the Tranſpoſition of another Song, (*viz.*) *Come, Boys, let's fill our Helmets*, &c.

Anniverſary

Anniverſary Anthem, 1695, 1698, and 1699.

I.

WHat the Devil means all this Pother
On this Day, more than another?
See! the Sot to Church reels out,
See! the Leacher leaves his Whore;
The Rogues, that never pray'd before,
Are grown moſt plaguily Devout.

II.

Prethee, Parſon, why thoſe Faces,
Pious Frowns, and damn'd Grimaces?
Why ſo many Creeds and Maſſes,
Collects, Leſſons, and the reſt
Of the Holy Garbidge dreſt,
Proper Food for mumbling Aſſes?

III.

Oh! Sir, it's a Debt, they ſay,
Mother Church muſt yearly pay
To her Saints Canonization:
It was the Day in which he fell
☞ A Martyr to the *Cauſe of Hell*,
Juſtly crown'd with Decollation.

IV.

Mirth for us and generous Wine;
Let the Clergy cant and whine,
Preach and prate about Rebellion;
☞ *No more Beaſts of K——s, good Heaven!*
Such as late in Wrath were given,
Two curſs'd Tyrants, and a Stallion.

V.

Now prepare, my Lads, and ſtand
Each his Bumper in his Hand.
Brutus! 'tis a Health to thee,
Thou whoſe generous Arm and Sword,

In a Cauſe like ours, reſtor'd
Rome's expiring Liberty.

VI.

Fill the Glaſs with ſparkling Red,
Look, 'twas the Tyrant bled.
Thus our Fathers let us ſee
What before had Sacred ſtood,
Fawn'd and worſhipp'd as a God,
Was Fleſh and Blood, as well as we.

Reflections on an Anniverſary Anthem, ſung at the Calves-Head Club, *on the* 30*th of* January, 1695. *&c.*

TO ſhew what Atheiſtick Enemies theſe King-killing Miſcreants are to Religion, and all ſpiritual Order and Diſcipline, as well as to our Civil Government, their prophane Laureat is not only encourag'd to a conſtant Vindication of the treaſonable Cruelty of their Fathers towards their juſt and lawful Prince; but in the foregoing *Anthem*, his blaſphemous Raptures are levell'd at the Church, to the Reproach of Heaven, God's Holy Truths, and the Miniſters thereof.

In the firſt Stanza, he has the Impudence to ſtigmatize the moſt devout Members of the Church of *England*, (who thro' a juſt Duty, both to God and their King, bear a pious Abhorrence of all King-killing Principles) with the infamous Epithets of *Sots*, *Leachers*, *Rogues*, &c. ſuch abominable Uſage, that ſcarce the

the worſt of Scoundrels, except their own wicked Society, and thoſe who juſtify their Principles and Proceedings, could ever deſerve.

In the ſecond Stanza, our Liturgy is complimented with the Name of *Maſs*, a uſual Contempt, which her Rival Saints caſt upon the *Common-Prayer Book*. The Collects and Leſſons, which are *God*'s own Words, by his Holy Prophets and Apoſtles, are blaſphem'd with the odious Title of *Garbidge, proper Food for mumbling Aſſes*. Which prophane Expreſſion, ſhews how far ſo wicked a Scribe will degenerate from true Wit, to vent his Malice and Impiety; for I believe it was never known, that *Garbidge* was held *proper Food for Aſſes*.

In the third Stanza, they have the Impudence to ſtile the King's Heroick Sufferings, for the Preſervation of the Dignities of the Crown to his Poſterity, the Laws of the Land, the Liberties of the People, the juſt Conſtitution of Parliaments, and the eſtabliſh'd Church, falling for the *Cauſe of Hell*. Oh! execrable Monſters!

In the fourth Stanza, obſerve with what malicious, rude, and impious Devotion, he offers up a prophane Prayer to Hea-

Heaven, reproaching Kings, who are God's Vice-gerents, with the ſcurrilous Name of *Beaſts*, and branding a Succeſſion of three as Heroick Princes as ever ſat upon the *Engliſh* Throne, or any other, with the malicious Accuſation of being *curſed Tyrants*; of which Charge, none but ſuch incorrigible Rebels could ever ſay, that either of them were guilty.

In the fifth Stanza, the Reader may obſerve how far theſe unmerciful Regicides are degenerated from thoſe Chriſtian Principles that bind us to an univerſal Charity for all Mankind, which ought to extend even to thoſe we take to be our greateſt Enemies; and how they are alſo poyſon'd with Inveteracy to ſuch a Degree, that they are utterly diveſted of that Compaſſion and Humanity, which in all Ages has been valu'd and preſerv'd amongſt the greateſt Heathens, or otherwiſe theſe barbarous Rebels could never pray, that the moſt unfornate of Princes, depos'd, baniſh'd, and render'd wholly unable to oppoſe their Villainies, ſhould by his only Friend *be turn'd poorly out of Doors*, and that he ſhould have no Refuge, but a Halter to put an End to his Misfortunes. Oh! the admirable

rable Chriſtian Charity of theſe tender-hearted Monſters!

The two following Stanza's are ſtuff'd only with the ſame Ribaldry, which their Poet uſes in all his Songs, ſo that there is nothing in them worth ſpeaking to.

An

An Anthem on the 30th *of* January, 1696.

THere was a King of *Scottiſh* Race,
A Man of muckle Might a,
Was never ſeen in Battels great,
But greatly he would Sh——a;
This King begot another King,
Which made the Nation ſad a,
Was of the ſame Religion,
An Atheiſt, like his Dad a:
This Monarch wore a picked Beard,
And ſeem'd a doughty Heroe,
As *Dioclesian* Innocent, and as Merciful as *Nero.*
The Church's darling Implement,
But Scourge of all the People;

He

He ſwore he'd make each Mother's Son
Adore their Idol Steeple:
But they perceiving his Deſigns,
Grew plaguy ſhy and jealous,
And timely chopt his *Calves-Head* off,
And ſent him to his Fellows.
Old *Rowly* did ſucceed his Dad,
Such a King was never ſeen a,
He'd lie with ev'ry naſty Drab,
But ſeldom with his Queen a.
Reſtleſs and hot he roll'd about
The Town, from Whore to Whore a,
A merry Monarch as e'er liv'd,
Yet ſcandalous and poor a.
His Dogs at Council-Board, would ſit
Like Judges in their Furs a;
'Twas hard to ſay which had moſt Wit,
The Monarch, or his Curs a.

At laſt he dy'd, we know not how,
But moſt think by his Brother;
His Soul to Royal *Tophes* went,
To ſee his Dad and Mother.
The furious *James* uſurp'd the Throne,
To pull Religion down a;
But by his Wife and Prieſt undone,
He quickly loſt his Crown a.
To *France* the wand'ring Monarch's trudg'd,
In hopes Relief to find a,
Which he is like to have from thence,
Ev'n when the D——'s blind a.
Oh! how ſhould we rejoyce and pray,
And never ceaſe to ſing a,
If Biſhops too were chas'd away,
And baniſh'd with their King a:

Then

Then Peace and Plenty would enſue;
Our Bellies would be full a,
The enliven'd Iſle would laugh and ſmile,
As in the Days of *Noll* a.

Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem, sung at the Calves-Head Club *the* 30*th of* January, 1696.

IN this *Anthem*, the Reader may observe, that their Malice and Aversion is not particularly extended to the Memory of any one Prince, upon the Accouut of any Mismanagments they can charge upon one Reign more than another; but that they have imbib'd from the rebellious Examples of their Fore-Fathers, such an irreconcilable Prejudice to all Kingly Soveraignty, and all Persons who exercise the Royal Authority over them, tho' never so mildly, lawfully, and justly, that they cannot forbear spitting their Venom equally upon the whole Race of Kings, from our first happy Union with *Scotland*, treating them all alike, with such opprobrious Language, that any Person may easily perceive their spiteful Calumnies, odious Lies and Abuses, and their prophane Scurrility, are not only levell'd, I say, at those Princes, whose Faults they have

have moſt unjuſtly magnify'd and multiply'd, but alſo at the very Power, Dignity, and Office of a King, and all that has a Tendency to the Support of Regal Government; to which they are ſuch avow'd and inveterate Enemies, that nothing but the Danger of the Law reſtrains their Inſolence from offering the like Affronts to her preſent Majeſty. For ſince they have the Impudence to uſe all her Majeſty's Royal Predeceſſors with ſuch ſhameful Irreverence, as they do in this Poem, I am ſure it is ſufficient to convince any reaſonable Man, that their Prejudice to ſo merciful and good a Family, can ariſe from nothing, but an invincible Hatred to all Monarchy in general, which they conſequently turn towards all Perſons that exerciſe a Kingly Authority over them, tho' never ſo uprightly.

Beſides, the Reader may ſatisfy himſelf in the latter end of this Poem, that the Subverſion of the Monarchy is not the only thing theſe Vipers aim at, but the Hierarchy alſo, well knowing, the one cannot expire without the other; therefore they wiſh the *Biſhops baniſh'd, and chas'd away with King* James, *that they may be reſtor'd to the Bleſſings of an* Oliverian *Government.* From whoſe laſt Words, the Reader

der is deſir'd to obſerve how inconſiſtently theſe rebellious Libertines act to themſelves, in celebrating the bloody, tyrannical, and calamitous Reign of the Uſurper, who trampled upon that very Republick, of which they boaſt, (in ſpight of all their Stratagems,) and wreſted the Government from their democratical Senate, and plac'd it in Oppoſition to their Principles, in his own ſingle Perſon, to the total Overthrow of that Scheme they had all along projected.

An

An Anthem on January *the* 30*th*, 1697.

I.

TOuch, now touch the tuneful Lyre,
Make the joyful Strings reſound;
The Victory's at laſt intire,
With the Royal Victim crown'd.

II.

The happy Stroke did ſoon recover
What we long had fought in vain,
Thus *Ariadne* loſt her Lover,
But the Gods reliev'd her Pain.

III.

This was an Action juſt and daring,
Nature ſmil'd at what they did,

When

When our Fathers nothing fearing,
Made the haughty Tyrant bleed.

IV.

They their Sons thus well obliging,
Taught us how this Day to keep,
Who by fighting, ſtorming, ſieging,
Laid the ravening Wolf aſleep.

V.

England long her Wrongs ſuſtaining,
Preſs'd beneath her Burthens down,
Choſe a Set of Heroes daring,
To chaſtiſe the haughty Crown.

VI.

Thus the *Romans*, whoſe beginning
From an equal Right did ſpring,
Abhorring *Romulus* his Sinning,
To the Gods transferr'd their King.

VII.

VII.

Let the *Black Guard* rail no further,
Nor blaſpheme the righteous Blow;
Nor miſcal that Juſtice, Murther,
Which made Saint, and Martyr too.

VIII.

They and We this Day obſerving,
Differ only in one thing;
They are canting, whining, ſtarving,
We rejoycing, drink, and ſing.

IX.

Advance the Emblem of the Action,
Fill the *Calve's Scull* full of Wine;
Drinking ne'er was counted Faction,
Men and Gods adore the Vine.

X.

To the Heroes gone before us,
Let's renew the flowing Bowl,

Whilſt the Luſtre of the Glories
Shine like Stars from Pole to Pole.

Reflections

Reflections on an Anniverſary Anthem, ſung at the Calves-Head Club, *on the* 30*th of* January, 1697.

TOuch, now touch the tuneful Lyre, is the amorous beginning of the foregoing Madrigal; but in my Conſcience, I think the Poet ought rather to have call'd upon ſome of *Belſegar*'s Muſick; for certainly a Lottery-man's Trumpet, or a *Bartholomew* Fair Carcal, would have ſympathiz'd much better with ſuch a wicked Roundelay, than ſo ſoft and muſical an Inſtrument, as his Infernal Muſe has invok'd to her Aſſiſtance: For where his Song is in Praiſe of the moſt barbarous Villainy that ever was perpetrated, ſure no Body upon Earth is ſo fit to be his Minſtrel, as the wry-mouth'd *Salſbury* Fidler, that play'd to the Devil and his Imps all the *Chriſtmaſs* Holy-days.

This Piece of Lyrick Poetry, is ſo true a *Pye-corner* Panegyrick upon their old rebellious Proceedings, and dwells ſo tediouſly upon the *happy Srtoke*, as he impudently calls it, and upon the Vertues and Excellences of thoſe puritanical Hedg-hogs, who wounded the Kingdom with their Prickles, in thoſe confounded Times of Liberty and Property, when a parcel of ravenous Wolves had the keeping of the Sheep, and a pack of yelping Blood-hounds made their Kennels in our Churches, that there is ſcarce any thing in it that will admit of further Reflections, than what I have already made, except theſe Paſſages following.

In the third and fourth Stanza's, the Reader may obſerve, that they do not only impudently extol the Juſtice of that daring Action in their Fathers (*i. e.*) brewing their vile Hands in the Blood of the Bleſſed Martyr; but they alſo tell us, that they, (their Sons,) are highly oblig'd to their Progenitors for *laying the ravenous Wolf aſleep*, and that they are beholding to their *Fathers for teaching them to keep this Day*, viz. the 30*th* of *January*; ſo that in the firſt place it is to be noted, that they have drawn the Guilt of all their Fathers Treaſons, Murders,

ders, and Rebellions, upon their own Heads, by approving, applauding, and ſo heartily conſenting to their Wickedneſs, *ex poſt Facto*, and I queſtion not, but they will all live to be puniſhed accordingly. In the next place they acknowledge, that this wicked Anniverſary was conſtituted by their Fathers; and that *their Sons were taught by them to obſerve the ſame*; ſo that there is no Queſtion to be made, but this bominable Party have kept their Annual Revellings and Rejoycings upon this unfortunate Day, ever ſince they had the fatal Opportunity of exerting their Cruelty in the King's Martyrdom.

In the ſeventh Stanza, (which I think is ſo full of Wickedneſs, that it could never be parallell'd, except by the ſame Villains) there to ſhew their Reverence to Religion, they prophanely ſtigmatize the Loyal and Orthodox Clergy of the beſt eſtabliſh'd Church in the World, with the ignominions Name of *Black Guard*, and forbid them by their Railing, *to blaſpheme the righteous Blow:* An Expreſſion ſo hyperbolically wicked, that an honeſt Man would think nothing could give Vent to ſuch a Helliſh Saying, but the very Mouth of a Devil.

His

His Concluſion is much of the ſame Strain, wherein the Reader may obſerve the Temperance and Sobriety of theſe Fanatical Hypocrites, who in the Eyes of the World, pretend to ſo much Grace and Sanctity.

THE END.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE SECRET HISTORT OF THE *Calves-Head Club.*

A Song *on the* 30*th of* January, 1697. *By a Lad of* 16.

I.

TUne the Lute and Lyre,
Touch the ſounding Wyre;
Let our Hearts and Voice
Create ſuch a Noiſe,
As ſhall match the Cœleſtial Choir.

II.

Hark! th' exalted Heroes,
Looking on, looking on,
Charm the bright Seraphick Throne,
With *Hymns* Divine, to cheer us.

III.

The penſive World around us,
Griev'd to ſee him wound us;
(*a*) But bleſs'd the Deed,
When they ſaw him bleed,
Who labour'd to confound us.

IV.

The happy *Britiſh* Iſle too,
When ſhe ſaw, when ſhe ſaw,
(*b*) The deſtin'd Head ſubmit to Law,
Began to ſing and ſmile too.

V.

It was a pleaſing Wonder,
Upon the Earth and under;
The Worms beneath
Rejoyc'd at his Death,
And gladly ſiez'd the Plunder.

VI.

VI.

Nought mourns under Heaven,
(*c*) But the Prieſt, but the Prieſt,
Whoſe Hypocriſy's a Jeſt,
Can never be forgiven.

VII.

Hail! Saints Victorious,
(*d*) Who bravely went before us,
Who taught us the way,
When Tyrants ſway,
To make a Nation Glorious.

VIII.

Thus you give us Freedom,
And Liberty, Liberty,
Shall by your Methods purchas'd be,
Whene'er the People need 'em.

IX.

(*e*) The Heroes now in Glory,
Bow themſelves before ye,

Pleas'd to ſee
Poſterity,
Thus yearly rehearſe their Story.

X.

Then fill the Cranium full, Boys,
With ſparkling Red, with ſparkling Red,
(f) We'll knock the ſneaking Puppies dead,
Who dare our Mirth controul, Boys.

Reflections

Reflections on the foregoing Song on the 30*th of* January, 1697.

STanza the third, (*a*) with what Impudence would theſe frantick Republican Monſters inſinuate, that the whole World, both approv'd and applauded their unparallell'd Villainy towards the beſt of Princes, when it is well known to all good Men, that their Barbarity has been deteſted by all Kingdoms and States in the Univerſe, that have ever heard of their Infamy, to the everlaſting Shame and Scandal of thoſe Blood-thirſty Hypocrites, who effected their baſe Ends by ſuch a ſanguine piece of Cruelty, to the mildeſt of Monarchs.

Stanza the fourth, (*b*) obſerve how they juſtify their bloody Act, accompliſh'd by Rebellion and open Violence, under a Pretence of Law, when their infamous Proceedings were directly repugnant to the Laws of God, the Laws of Nature, and the Laws of the Land.

Stanza

Stanza the ſixth, (*c*) with what Confidence do they charge the Loyal Clergy of the Church of *England*, with that Hypocriſy, which themſelves have ever practiſed, both towards God and Man, to bring their baſe Deſigns to their abominable Iſſue?

Stanza the ſeventh, (*d*) with what diabolical Preſumption they Canonize their Bother's Regicides, and confer the Holy Dignity of a Saint upon the worſt of Murderers.

Stanza the ninth, (*e*) if ſuch a Society of treaſonable Ruffins can have the Confidence to fancy their rebellious Progenitors are admitted into Glory, by which they mean Heaven, I muſt confeſs the greateſt Villain in their whole Party, has but little Reaſon to deſpair of future Happineſs.

Stanza the tenth, (*f*) you may Judge of the excellent Principles of theſe *Calves-Head* Liberty and Property Men, from their Words referr'd to, where they are for knocking all good Men on the Head for Puppies, that are for controuling them in their frantick Celebration of that abominable Deed, which no Chriſtians, in their right Senſes, can reflect upon, without Horror and Amazement.

An

An Anthem on the 30*th of* January.

I.

WElcome, brave Souls,
Now drink off your Bowls,
(*a*) 'Twas an Act we all do admire
To ſtifle the Work
Of an *Engliſh Turk*,
Whoſe Sun ſet our City on Fire

II.

Whoſe Deeds were forgot
'Till reviv'd by a Plot,
Carry'd on by ſhitten *Mack-Ninney*:
But the Martyr in Rage,
Loſt his Head on a Stage,
(*b*) And the Church ſwore the Devil was in ye.

III.

III.

Then let us commend
(*c*) The Deeds of a Friend,
That cauſed our jolly Meeting;
To our Fathers we owe
The Honour o'th' Blow,
And we are their Sons, that are Feaſting.

IV.

But who would have thought,
That our *Scotch* Laird
Should make uſe of the Power of *France*, Sir?
But their Work is done,
From Father to Son,
We have loſt both Root an Branch, Sir.

V.

Then again let's commend,
That Warlike Hand,

That

That ſav'd our *Engliſh* Nation;

'Twas Puſs in her Furr,

Did ſcratch, ſpit, and purr,

And pointed to Abdication.

L *Reflections*

Reflections on the foregoing Anthem on the 30*th of* January.

STanza the firſt, (*a*) here they are not content to inſolently expreſs their Love and Admiration of a barbarous Act, which no good Subject can think on without trembling, but even proceed to blaſt the pious Memory of the moſt Chriſtian Martyr, with the ſcurrilous Epithet of *Engliſh Turk*; and to baſely charge the Fire of *London* upon one of his Sons, (tho' it has been ſufficiently prov'd upon their own Party,) in order to caſt their own Villainies upon ſuch Perſons, who were utterly innocent of the Matter.

Stanza the ſecond, (*b*) as themſelves ſay, I think the Church, when they ſaw the Life of their juſt and injur'd Monarch ſo wrongfully and maliciouſly extorted from him, by the mercileſs Hands of a parcel of inſatiate, Rebels, might very juſtly ſwear, that the Devil was in 'em; for had he not, it is impoſſible they ſhould ever have

have ſo effectually accompliſh'd ſuch a vile and bloody Undertaking.

Stanza the third, (c) you may obſerve in moſt of their ſcandalous Ballads, as well as this Stanza, it is the higheſt of their Vanity, to commend the greateſt of their Villainies, and to give abundance of Honour to the Memory of thoſe bloody Aſſaſſinators, whoſe Sons they boaſt themſelves, and that they are proud of the Occaſion their Fathers have given them of meeting, to rejoyce over the Infamy of their Anceſtors. What can a Government expect, but the like Cruelty from the like Party, if they are onte again ſuffer'd to get uppermoſt?

A Song *at the Calves-Head Club*, January *the* 30*th.* 1698.

I.

(*a*) CRown, Crown the Goblet, Quaff the (ſparkling Wine,
Invoke the Aſſiſtance of the Tuneful Nine:
The great Concernment of this Glorious Day,
Should all our Wit, and all our Joy diſplay;
No gloomy Look, no penſive Thought be found,
Where Liberty with ſprightly Joys go round.
Let black Diſpair convert into a Smile,
And Peals of Triumph eccho thro' the Iſle.

II.

Let Tyrants faint and tremble, when they're (told
What Deeds the Annals of this Day unfold.

(*b*)When

(*b*) When daring Juſtice led her Troops to fight,
Fought, and the bold Oppreſſor put to Flight.
When purple Streams diſtain'd the native Green,
Ye Gods! what Courage, and what Heat was ſeen!
When Heaven-inſpir'd Heroes dare to own
The Noble Cauſe, and pull the Monſter down.

III.

Fill round again, the Juſtice of their Arms
Has endleſs Praiſes, and immortal Charms.
Time cannot leſſen, and no Age expreſs
The bold Atchievements of that Godlike Race,
Born to chaſtiſe and ſcourge Tyrannick Might,
Durſt bravely plead the Cauſe of injur'd Right;
And to Poſterity an Inſtance gave,
That a brave Man can never be a Slave.

IV.

Contemn the lazy Lubbards of the Church,
Who mourning one, left t'other in the Lurch;

Who

Who to the Sire their Adoration pay,
Yet baſely left the Son, to run away:
In vain they preach, in vain they cant and (whine,
Heaven ſcorns their Prayers, and hates the (groſs Deſign.
Their Martyr'd Monarch's grown a ſenſeleſs (Jeſt,
That Fools admire, and all good Men deteſt.

V.

Charge, charge again, let Wine profuſely flow,
They ſmile above, to ſee our Mirth below;
Their inlarg'd Souls are vaſtly pleas'd to hear
Their Deeds recounted each returning Year.
In flowing Bowls we our Oblations make;
'Tis all that we can give, or they can take,
While thus in Friendſhip we our Homage pay,
And celebrate the Glories of the Day.

Reflections

Reflections on a Song, ſung at the Calves-Head *Feaſt, January the* 30*th*, 1698.

IN the firſt *Stanza*, (*a*) their Poet Laureat for the Day, is for invoking the Muſes to their Aſſiſtance; but I think any Body may diſcern by their Poetry, that their Ladiſhips have more Wit, than to enter into ſuch a wicked Confederacy. And as for their old Cant of Liberty, the World is wiſe enough to ſee, that thoſe who make the greateſt Buſtle about it, are a parcel of reſtleſs Rebels, who are always ſeeking to deſtroy it; and at the ſame Inſtant they are crying it up, they are ſtriving to pull it down, in order to make the reſt of their fellow Subjects, Slaves to their Fanatical Tyranny and Ambition.

In Stanza the ſecond, (*b*) they ſeem very proud of putting the bold Oppreſſor, that is, ſawcily meaning the Royal Martyr, to Flight; and alſo boaſt as much of diſtaining the Field with their own Country-mens

try-mens Blood, as if Rebellion and Blood-ſhed, were Acts that deſerv'd immortal Glory.

In Stanza the third, they are mightily affected with the endleſs Praiſes due to the Juſtice of their Arms, and the bold Atchievements of that God-like Race; by which is meant themſelves, and their Brother Regicides: So that Rebellion and King-killing, are eſteem'd amongſt them as ſuch meritorious Vertues, that have a juſt Title to the Applauſe of all Poſterity. Therefore in how miſerable a Condition muſt a Nation be, that is over-run and trampled upon, by an ungovernable Number of ſuch Blood-ſucking Vermin.

In Stanza the fourth, how prettily they reflect their own Treachery upon the Church Lubbards, as they are pleas'd to call the Church of *England* Clergy; and impudently accuſe them of canting and whining, when every Body knows they are ridiculous Qualifications, only practis'd and improv'd by their own dull, ſpiteful, and illiterate Teachers.

In Stanza the fifth, the Poetaſter ſeems mightily pleas'd, to think how the King-killers, who he preſumes are in Heaven, ſmile above at the drunken Revels of their rebellious Progeny below: But I doubt he

he has aſſign'd a wrong Place for his defunct Patriots, who, in all honeſt Mens Opinion, are moſt likely to be found in thoſe dark Regions, where they meet with but little Reaſon to laugh at the frantick Oblations of their wicked Sons, who ſucceed them in their Villainies.

An Anniverſary Poem on the 30*th of* January, 1699.

HAil, ſacred Day! (*a*) that each returning Year,
Do'ſt with new Light our drooping Spirits chear;
Remind'ſt us of our Anceſtors Renown,
Who bravely pull'd a (*b*) ſawcy Tyrant down,
While Liberty Triumphant fill'd the Throne.
The Tydings firſt at the curſs'd Court began,
Which chearfully thro' all the Nation ran:
Freſh Streams of unknown Joys around did flow,
And all good Men ador'd the righteous Blow.
The Sun tranſported with the Noble Deed,
Shone out, and ſmil'd to ſee the Monſter bleed.
Th' amaz'd World united in Applauſe,
And bleſs'd the Juſtice of our Arms and Cauſe.

Nought

Nought under Heaven mourn'd but the curs'd (Prieſt,
Whoſe damn'd Diſſimulation is a Jeſt,
That every free-born Nation ſhould deteſt.

Thrice Hail, illuſtrious Day! in thee's diſplay'd
A brighter Scene, than when the World was (made;
When from dark *Chaos* this gay Form was (rear'd,
And all the grizly Phantoms diſappear'd:
Juſt ſo they ſlunk away, juſt ſo they fled,
And groan'd and tumbl'd with the Tyrant's (Head;
While general Gladneſs did the Iſle employ,
And every *Engliſh* Tongue did ſhout for Joy:
Hail once again, thou glorious Part of Time!
Thou endleſs Subject of eternal Rhime!
May I forget to make my Numbers meet,
And Tune new Thoughts in well-compoſed Feet.
May ſhe I love, forget to love me more,
Be always wretched, I be always poor,
If I forget this ſacred Day t'adore.

When Courage over Slav'ry did prevail,
And Providence weigh'd down the juſter Scale:
When Right Triumphant o'er Injuſtice rode,
Following the Foot-ſteps of the leading God,
Did to the doubting World a Pattern ſhew,
What *Engliſh* Men, for *Engliſh* Rights, dare do.

Reflections

Reflections on an Anniverſary Poem on the 30th of January, 1699.

HOW impudently they prophane the Word *Sacred*, by adding it to the Black Day, which unhappily produc'd the ſad Occaſion of all our ſucceeding Miſeries! And in Line the fourth, to expreſs their Malice with the greater Rancor, they ſtile the beſt of Kings, who was the Object of their Fury, the ſawcy Tyrant; and then, in Line the ninth, to deviliſhly affirm, that *all good Men ador'd the righteous Blow*, when nothing is more evident, than that none but the worſt and wickedeſt of Men had ever the Impudence to open their Mouths in the Vindication of ſo baſe and barbarous a Tragedy. And in the two following Lines, how the infamous Author ſeems to be tranſported with his diabolical Flight! ſo I may juſtly term it, for nothing ſure but the Fury of Hell, inſtead of the Muſes, could ever have inſpir'd ſuch a Republican Scribler with ſuch an audacious Piece of Bombaſt, *viz.*

The

The Sun transported with the noble Deed,
Shone out, and smil'd to see the Monster bleed.

Indeed the whole Poem is all of a-piece, and I think is such a compleat Composition of Malice and Impudence, that none but a *Calves-Head Club* of the most stigmatiz'd Rebels, would ever have receiv'd under their villainous Patronage: And as it truly deserves, so I hope it will always remain in Print, as an everlasting Register of the Author's Shame and Infamy, as well as of the incorrigible Impudence of that vile Society, who at first gave it their Protection.

An

On the 30th of January, 1699.

GO, curſed Crew, to all Extreams inclin'd,
Rough as the Seas, and wav'ring as the Wind,
Too deeply cruel, or too baſely kind:
You, like the *Roman* Senate heretofore,
Dead Drunk with Superſtition, and with Goar,
Firſt Maſacre your Monarch, then adore.

A Remark on the former.

WHen fiery Whigs the Touchwood Land enflame,
They labour on the Church to caſt the Blame;
Thus love the Treaſon, but abhor the Shame.

The

The Health.

WHen Tories and Parſons do Cant and Pray,
And ſpit their dull Malice on us,
Let's remember the Cauſe that occaſion'd the Day,
And Drink a good Health to Old Puſs, Old Puſs.

When Prieſts of Rebellion and Treaſon prate,
And extol the lewd Monarch emur'd in the Cake,
Confront 'em with Vagabond *James*'s Fate,
And put 'em in Mind of the Stroak they ſtruck;
When Oppreſſion increaſes, and Hopes grow leſs,
When Tyrants unbridl'd, their Subjects vex,
Let's chear up our ſelves with the happy Succeſs,
That once did attend on the Ax, the Ax.

Then

Then Freedom and Peace did in Triumph ap-
(pear,
As ſoon as the Glorious Deed was done
Our Fathers perform'd, and why ſhould we fear
To follow what they have ſo well begun?
Moſes of old, when the *Jews* diſpair'd,
How they ſhould threat'ning Dangers ſhun,
Buoy'd up their Faith with the Wonders they've
(heard,
Had by their Fathers been done, been done;
But we have better Examples in ſtore,
When Power with Liberty won't accord,
We'll follow the Pattern they ſet us before,
And deliver our ſelves from the Sword, the
(Sword.
Then fill up the Glaſs to the daring Hand,
Which bravely finiſh'd the juſt Deſign,
And ſtain'd with Tyrannical Blood the Sand,
While murmuring *Scots* repine, repine.

About with't again to the Hand and Cauſe,
That gave us Occaſion to Revel thus;
Confuſion to thoſe, who ſhall dare refuſe
To Drink a good Health to Old Puſs, Old
(Puſs.

Reflections

Reflections on the Health drank at the Calves-Head *Feaſt.*

BY the old Puſs, to whom they dedicate their intoxicating Bumpers, I ſuppoſe they mean the good old Cauſe; from the farther Promotion of which, may Heaven defend her Majeſty and her Kingdoms; for certainly ſuch audacious Wretches, who have Impudence enough to glory in the vileſt Deed that ever was perpetrated by Human Hands, whenever they have Power, will with as great Joy, repeat the ſame Villainies and Cruelties, which are ſo highly approv'd on by their wicked Faction. What can be more ſtartling and amazing to a Man of any Honeſty or Conſcience, than the unaccountable Inſolence of ſuch a daring Society, who by the damnable Doctrine of their revengeful Teachers, are ſo harden'd in their Malice againſt Monarchy and Church-Government, that they ſhould drink to the Memory of that accurſed Hand, (over and over, as you find in

the foregoing Health) which ſo barbarouſly robb'd the beſt of Princes of his Life, to ſatisfy the inexorable Revenge of the worſt of People? From whoſe accurſed Cruelty, *Good Lord deliver us.*

THE END.

AN

APPENDIX

TO THE

CONTINUATION

OF THE

SECRET HISTORY

OF THE

Calves-Head Club.

AN

APPENDIX.

AS the preceding Anthems were made and ſung in the late Reign, when the Party flatter'd themſelves with the Connivance of a Prince, who had been bred up in their own Communion; ſo the Reader may be apt to imagine, that theſe Practices have been diſcontinued ſince her preſent Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Throne. But to convince him, that neither the Queen's Piety, nor her unqueſtion'd Deſcent from the Loyns of the Royal Martyr's Son, neither her Zeal for the eſtabliſh'd Church, nor her Abhorrence of their barbarous Treatment of her Grandfather's Memory, though her Reign was uſher'd in with the Puniſhment of one *James Taylor*, a Tanner in *Southwark*, who was convicted, and fin'd, and ſtood in the Pillory, for taking the Freedom to ſay, *He was us'd no otherwiſe than he deſerv'd, and*

and that it would have been better for the Kingdom, if the whole Family (not excluding her Majesty) *had been so serv'd*, &c. could keep them within those Bounds of Respect Subjects ought to be circumscrib'd with. For not holding themselves contented to make use of the *Pen*, to insinuate evil Surmizes of her Majesty, and her Ministry's Designs; and of the Tongue, to make Invectives against them in their private Cabals, they rais'd themselves to such a Pitch of Impudence, which they had not arriv'd at, even in the Days of her Predecessors, and openly did that which the good-natur'd sort of People, that have a Value for them, are not to be induc'd to believe they would be guilty of in private.

To convince these of the Folly of their Unbelief, among the many Instances that are to be given of their Arrogance and Presumption; I shall lead them no farther off from the present Time, than the 30*th* of *January* last past, when the Brethren, that call themselves the *Elect*, assembled to give God Thanks at *Salters* and *Pinners* Halls, for the horrid and cruel Murther of their late dread Soveraign; for the Sequel will make appear, that the manner of celebrating that Black Anniversary, was nothing different from

a Day of Rejoycing. The Texts have escap'd my Memory, but the Substance of the Sermon had no Reference to the Fact they should have humbled themselves before God for; and the Portion of Scripture, which was made use of to be sung before Sermon, was the 23*d* *and* 24*th* Verses of the 118*th* *Psalm*, which are these:

This was the mighty Work of God,
This was the Lord's own Fact;
And it is wond'rous to behold
With Eyes, that noble Act.
This is the joyful Day indeed,
Which God himself hath wrought;
Let us be glad, and joy therein,
In Heart, in Mind, and Thought.

To palliate this, the pretended Saints excuse themselves by the Ignorance of the Clerk, and say, he made choice of the very same Stanza's at the Burial of his own Wife, when her Funeral Sermon was preach'd. But if it was done out of Ignorance, how came the Clerks of the two chief Congregations, *Pinners*-Hall, and *Salters*-Hall, to make choice of the same Stanza's on the same Occasion? A Man of any Fore-sight, must conclude it was concerted between them, and it is not u-

ſual for Perſons of their Rank, in Conventicles, to do any thing of ſuch a Nature, and in ſo publick a manner, without Direction from their Superiors.

Beſides, the Management of themſelves after Sermon, points out a *Combination*; and that they came not as to the Houſe of Mourning, but the Houſe of Joy: For inſtead of faſting, as the Proclamation requir'd, and making Atonement for the Sins of the Nation, they no ſooner broke up their Aſſembly, but ſome of the Elders went home with Squire *L*——*s*, where they were well entertain'd. Amongſt other Diſcourſe concerning the Day, the Sermon, and the Pſalm, ſeveral of the Preachers, who came to this cruel Merry-meeting, were very witty, naming ſeveral Texts, as they thought proper for the Occaſion, eſpecially one of them, whoſe Name begins with an *S*——, ſaid, If it had been his turn to have preach'd that Day, he would have choſen for his Text, the Words of *Martha* to our Saviour, *John* 11. 39. *Lord, by this time he ſtinketh.*

On the ſame Day, to ſhew what Difference a certain Diſſenter, not far from *Bartholomew Cloſe*, had for her Majeſty's Proclamation, that was order'd to be read

in

in all Churches, and Places of Divine Worship, the Sunday before, ſet up a Calves-Head upon a publick Place over his Shop or Houſe, to the view of a promiſcuous Crowd of Neighbours, who are ready to make Oath of it. But my Reader perhaps may tell me it was no Contempt of the Proclamation in him, ſince all Proclamations are directed to her Majeſty's *loving Subjects*, and the Diſſenters are none of her Majeſty's *loving Subjects*, wherefore it bore no manner of Relation to him.

To crown all, let us take a View of the Faction in the *Burrough* of *Southwark*, and there we ſhall find them not a Jot behind Hand with their Fellow Labourers in Sedition, the Citizens of *London*; and after a plentiful Entertainment at one *Croſley*'s, at the Sign of their two Men, (*viz.* the two Brewers) adjourn'd to the *Bull-Head Tavern*: Among whom was one Mr. *Claxton*, a Gentleman of a fairer Reputation than the reſt, whoſe Occaſions calling him down Stairs from the Place of Merriment, gave on Opportunity to one *Mercer*, a Scrivener, to diſſwade him from returning to his Miſcreant Companions, leſt Dangers might enſue the Diſturbance they made in drinking their abominable Healths, and other Demonſtra-

tions of Triumph and Rejoycing. *Claxton* took his Friend's Advice, and went no more to them; but the Drawer, whose Name is *Boise*, and is now a Servant at the same Place, made Affidavit, that they had Fowls for Supper, whose Heads they cut off themselves, (without doubt to commemorate the Day;) and that he observ'd at the drinking of a certain Health, (which was whisper'd about from one to the other, so that the Deponent could not give the Court the Name of it) every other Man laid down his Head upon the Table, and the next Man to him gave a Stroak with his Hand upon his Neck, as if in Imitation of the beloved Act of Decollation, after which follow'd a general *Huzza*, &c. The Noise made a Confusion in the House, by Reason it was altogether improper for such an Anniversary, and the Mistress of the House, upon Enquiry from the Drawer, and the Sollicitations of the several other Companies that were refreshing themselves with a Glass, gave Notice of it to Justice *Ladd*, a Neighbour of the said *Burrough*, who conven'd them before him, but dismiss'd them for that time, in order to their Appearance before him and the Bench of Justices, when call'd for. Accordingly they were sent for, and examin'd

at

at the next *Seſſion* of the *Peace*, but whether the Law requir'd more direct Proof to convict them, or the Majority of the Gentlemen upon the Bench had not ſuch an Abhorrence of ſuch Principles as they deſerv'd, I am not to determine, they were diſmiſs'd without any Proſecution, which has been thought ſtrange among ſome People, while Protections of the adverſe Party, are ſo much in Requeſt.

At another Tavern, in the ſame Year above mentioned, there were a Company of four Whigs got together a Tipling, and diſcourſing over their Godly Deeds, from Forty One and downwards, they came at laſt to their *joyful Day indeed*, the Decollation of King *Charles* the Firſt. Upon which, one of them ſhrugg'd up his Shoulders, and with a Fanatical Grin, which they uſe for a Smile, ſaid, with a *Guſto*, *The Q——n has a fine white Neck*, —— What he might inſinuate by it, is a Horror to me to imagine, wherefore I ſhall leave it to thoſe that are in Authority, to be explain'd.

Another very eminent Man, of very great Diſtinction in the City of *London* for Riches, Atheiſm, and Immorality, being in a publick Coffee-Houſe, I will not ſay whether *Garraway*'s or *Jonathan*'s,

but

but it was one of them, hearing ſome Gentlemen on that Day exclaiming againſt the barbarous Action that gave Being to the Anniverſary, and holding an Argument of Kings being accountable to God only; was pleas'd to interpoſe, by thruſting his Horns into Company, and ſaying, *He that held it in the Affirmative, was in the Right, which was a ſufficient Reaſon for the Parliament of* England *to cut off King* Charles *the Firſt's Head; and juſtified the Action, ſince in ſo doing, they ſent him to God to make up his Accounts with him.*

The time would fail me to enumerate the many Villainous Paſſages that have occurr'd on this deplorable Subject: Wherefore I ſhall conclude with this Remark, That they not only repeat this horrid Martyrdom in their Feſtivals every 30*th* of *January*, but the chief of their Teachers, who goes for an Apoſtle with them, St. *Baxter*, (who bragg'd, that *He had ſpent a Gallon of his Blood, fighting againſt the King*) in his Saints everlaſting Reſt, *Edit.* 1649. p. 82, 83. thoſe of the Regicides, and other Rebels, who were then dead, went ſtreight into Heaven, and names ſeveral of them, as *Brook*, *Pim*, *Hambden*, and *White*, who was one of the Regicides, and *Twiſs*, who was Moderator

tor of their Aſſembly of Divines, *&c.* and deſcribes Heaven in the Form of a Parliament, and calls it *Parliamentum Beatum.* And we muſt ſuppoſe he meant it that Form of a Parliament they had *then*, that is, without a *King*. Which minds me of the Note in one of their Sermons, wherein they found Fault with our Tranſlation of the *Bible*, (as made by Biſhops) for that it was full of *the Kingdom of God*, and *the Kingdom of God*, over and over again, every where; but there was not a Word of the *Parliament of God*; which they hop'd to find in the Original.

But we are not to anſwer for what our Fore-Fathers did, ſay the Religious *Review*, *Obſervator*, and the reſt of our Whig Papers; *they are dead, and the Guilt lies at their Door*: Not remembering, that ſuch Offences are to be puniſh'd to the third and fourth Generation. Beſides, what one ſingle Perſon among the whole Fraternity of the Diſſenters, that maintain the Principles of 41, as taking Arms againſt their Soveraign, *&c.* can be excepted from the Guilt of this execrable Murder? What one of them does not juſtify the 41 Principle of *Power in the People*, and to *coerce their Kings*? It was this! this! which cut off the King's Head.

It

It was not the *Ax*, but the *Hand* that *ſtruck* with it: It was not the *Hand*, but thoſe who *impower'd* him: It was not thoſe who *impower'd* him, but the *Principle* which poſſeſſed them, that was the *Original* and *Formal Executioner*. And whoever hold the ſame *Principle*, muſt be ready for the ſame *Work* again, if they will be *true* to themſelves. They cannot ſay, that King *Charles* the Firſt did ſuffer unjuſtly, becauſe he deny'd the *Juriſdiction* of the Court, and refus'd to plead. He would not own the *Soveraign Authority of the People*, which was the *higheſt Treaſon*, if the Principles of *Forty One* be true. And he deſerv'd to die like a Criminal, that ſtood Mute, whether he was guilty of the particular Facts charg'd upon him or not. And whoever hold theſe Principles, are *Calves-Head Men*, whether they go to their Feaſts or not. So much for a Subject which all Chriſtian Lands ought to be aſham'd of, eſpecially this, that makes ſo many Pretences of excelling our Neighbours in Piety, when there is not one that has come up to us in the ſuperlative Wickedneſs of putting our lawful Prince to Death, and afterwards Glory in an Action that calls for the Hatred of God and Man.

THE END.

A

VINDICATION

OF THE

ROYAL MARTYR,

King *CHARLES* I.

Wherein are laid open

The REPUBLICANS Myſteries of Rebellion.

Written in the Time of the

USURPATION,

By the Celebrated Mr. *BUTLER*, Author of *Hudibras*.

TO THE READER.

THE Publiſher of this following Diſcourſe, has thought fit to oblige the World with a Piece of Curioſity; it was Penn'd above Forty Years ſince by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel, which he anſwers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Maſter of Gray's-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Miſteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a ſtudied Invective againſt the Perſon of K. Charles I. before the High Court of Juſtice (ſo call'd) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-Pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards Metamorphis'd into a Pamphlet, with the ſpecious Title of King Charles's Caſe, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal. How Rational this Appeal was, may be eaſily diſcover'd from thoſe Numerous Fallacies and Notorious Falſhoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain Matter of Fact, but alſo in the Pamphleteer's pretended way of Reaſoning, the falſe Logick, and worſe Law. I ſhall not enter into the Merits of the Cauſe; for, I ſuppoſe, the more Rational part of Mankind, is abundantly ſatisfied in the Innocence of that great Man, as to any thing that was laid to Charge; and upon that account, indeed, there would have been little Occaſion at this time of Day

to produce so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the old Republican Stamp, who have reviv'd the Quarrel, and Copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's *Letters may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the* Good Old Cause; *but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr.* Milton *and our* Libeller, *and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice at least, though not their Wit; and for that reason I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answer. I shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has wisely done: 'Tis but unseasonable Quarrelling with a Man that is Arm'd with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that, if you have nothing else.*

I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to the Honester and more Learned part of the Kingdom; and, as for the rest, 'twas their best Security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's *Design to Print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hand, 'tis but a piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.*

THE

THE Royal Martyr VINDICATED,

Againſt *John Cook*, and ſeveral others, Pains-takers in the Myſteries of Rebellion.

By Mr. Butler, *Author of* Hudibraſs.

Mr. *COOKE*,

HAving lately ſeen a Book of yours, which you are pleaſed to call King CHARLES *his Caſe, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal*; I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promiſed in your Title. For having heard you Stile your ſelf Soliciter General for the King's Dread Sovereign, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all Rational Men from being your Clients in this Caſe, in making them

them by your Appeal your Judges: For no Man you know can be Judge in his own Caſe, but acknowledge your High Court from which you Appeal to all Rational Men to conſiſt of no ſuch: But indeed I had not read many lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you preſently fall to inſult upon the Unhappineſs of your undeſerved Adverſary, and that with ſo little Moderation, as if you ſtrove to make it a Queſtion, whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Paſſion, ſhould be the greater Wonder of Men; prepoſterouſly concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him ſo: A ſtrange way of doing Juſtice; which you endeavour to make good by a ſtrange inſolent Railing, and more inſolent Proceeding to the ſecret Counſel of Almighty God, from whence you preſume to give Sentence on him; a Boldneſs no leſs impious than unjuſt in you, were it true, ſince we can never know it to be ſo.

But indeed it is hard to ſay, whether you have ſhewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that conſiders the Affectation, and Fantaſtique Lightneſs of your Language, (ſuch as *Ireland*, a Land of Ire, Bite-Sheep for Biſhops,

Biſhops, and other ſuch ingenious Elegancies of quibble;) muſt needs confeſs it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereigns Sovereign; or the Gravity of that Court, which you ſay right wiſely, ſhall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuſe him of reading *Johnſon*'s and *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, which it ſeems you have been more in your ſelf to much worſe purpoſe, elſe you had never hit ſo right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fancy of Paſſionate and Ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am ſo Charitable to believe it was your Paſſion that impoſed upon your Underſtanding; elſe, as a Gentleman, you could have never deſcended to ſuch peaſantry of Language, eſpecially againſt ſuch a Perſon, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoyns (whatſoever his Offences were) the Puniſhment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God, they abſolutely Condemn it; of which I wonder you that pretend ſo much to be his Counſel, ſhould be either ſo ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Viſitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a Favour he does to thoſe he

he loves; where ever it falls, it is the work of his Hand, and ſhould become our Pity, not our Inſolence. This the Ancient Heathen knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverence the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Paſſion hath not only miſled you againſt Civility, and Chriſtian Charity, but Common Senſe alſo; elſe you would never have driven your Chariot of Reaſon (as you call it) ſo far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that ſtands in your way; I mean, your unuſual way of Argument, not only againſt Reaſon, but your ſelf, as you do it at the firſt ſally; for after your fit of raving is over, you beſtow much pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, ſo far, that at length you ſay, the King hath not by Law ſo much Power as a Juſtice of Peace, to commit any Man to Priſon; which you would never have done, if you had conſidered from whom the Juſtice derives his Power, or in whoſe Name his Warrants run; elſe you may as well ſay, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, becauſe he cannot ſhine by Night as the Moon doth.

But

But you needed not have ſtrained ſo hard, for this will ſerve you to no purpoſe, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himſelf; for if you had not a much worſe Memory than Men of your Condition ſhould have, you could not ſo ſoon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, by what Law they could ſit to judge him; (as offering to ſubmit if they could produce any,) but then Silence or Interruption were thought the beſt ways of confeſſing there was no ſuch thing: And when he undertook to ſhew them both Law and Reaſon too, why they could not do it; the Righteous Preſident told him plainly, he muſt have neither Law nor Reaſon, which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the moſt comprehenſive, impartial, and glorious Piece of Juſtice, that ever was played on the Theatre of *England*; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn it it ſelf than injure Truth?

But you had better have left this whole Buſineſs of the Law out of your Appeal to all Rational Men, who can make no uſe of it, but againſt your ſelf; for if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be ſo heinous a Crime in a King, to endeavour to ſet himſelf above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects

to ſet themſelves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to Wound and Poiſon your ſelves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Impoſture, that are not aſham'd to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it; and confeſs you ſet your ſelves really above the Law, to condemn the King for but intending it.

And indeed, Intentions and Deſigns are the moſt conſiderable part both of your Accuſations and Proofs, ſome of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next ſay, He, or the Archbiſhops by his Order, emaſculated, and left out very material Words (which the People ſhall chooſe) which is moſt falſe; for theſe Words were not left out, but rendred with more Senſe (which the Commonalty have,) and if you conſider what they relate to (Cuſtoms) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret (*elegerit* in the Latin Oath) ſhall chooſe, not hath choſen; for if you will have *conſuetudines quas vulgus elegerit*, to mean Cuſtoms which are to be not only uſe, which muſt be often repeated before it become a Cuſtom, but choice which neceſſarily preceeds uſe.

But ſuppoſe it were as you would have it, I cannot ſee with what reaſon you can preſume it to be a deſign to ſubvert the Laws, ſince

ſince you know he had ſworn to defend them before in the firſt Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can ſuppoſe that ſo wiſe a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be ſo irrational to believe himſelf Abſolute by this Omiſſion. But you are not without further Contradiction yet, for if he were ſo perfidious a Violater of Oaths as you would have the World believe, what reaſon had he to be ſo conſcientious of taking them? certainly he hath little cauſe to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I poſſibly underſtand your other Conſtruction of his refuſal to take the Oath, as his Predeceſſors had done, which you will have a deſign to refuſe his aſſent to ſuch good Laws rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament ſhould tender; for beſides the abſurd Conceipts that he muſt ſtill like the bad better than the good, if you conſider what you ſay afterwards, the charitable Senſe will appear by your own Words to be trueſt; for you confeſs he gave his aſſent to any bad one, elſe you had not been fain, for want of ſuch, to accuſe him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of theſe is moſt probable, let every rational Chriſtian judge.

Your next Argument, to prove the King's deſign to deſtroy the Law, is thus ordered. Thoſe Knights that were by an old Statute

to attend at the King's Coronation, being promiſed by his Proclamation (in regard of the Infection then ſpread through the Kingdom) a Diſpenſation for their Abſence, were after fined at the Council Table; no doubt by the Procurement of ſome of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity were anſwered, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Concluſion is therefore, The King had a deſign to ſubvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits, but would conclude the contrary; ſuch Arguments as theſe are much like the Ropes that *Oænus* twiſted only for Aſſes to devour.

But if this ſhould fail, you know you were provided with another not leſs ſubſtantial, and that is, his Alteration of the Judges Commiſſions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their Good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleaſure, of this you make a ſad Buſineſs of a very imaginary evil Conſequence; but if you had conſidered before, what you ſay preſently after, That the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the Injuſtice and Oppreſſion of the Government, *&c.* you would have found it very juſt, that he ſhould uſe his Pleaſure in their Diſmiſſion as well as Choice; for Men of your Profeſſion, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not

not such Punies in cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board: and if they may sit still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves; the Prince that is to give account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than know how to help himself.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad Judges as buy their Places; of whose Condition and Loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injustice, believe they may have Reason enough to give unjust Judgment, rather than lose their Places and their Money too, if they shall receive such Intimation from the King. But you forget your self, when you put this in your Appeal to all Rational Men; for they will tell you, this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Justice: For if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King to have but a Design to endure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the very next Step to Slavery; What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their chooſing too? And (I beseech you) whither by your own Doctrine does this bring the People that submit to it? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this,

had

had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have ſtoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments ſhould miſcarry, you have a Reſerve left, that does (as you ſay) irrefragably prove the Deſign; what's that? He is reſtleſs to deſtroy Parliament, or make them uſeleſs. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per ignotious*, excellent Conſequence to prove his Deſign by his Deſires; you ſhould have proved his Deſires firſt, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he deſigned it, he deſired it firſt. You had better have concluded plainly he did it becauſe he deſigned it, for that is all one in Senſe: But if I might be but half ſo bold with your Deſigns, I ſhould with more Reaſon gueſs you have one to make us believe you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the ſecret Counſels of God, (which you ſo often pretended to) elſe certainly he has given the Deſires of Men ſo private a Lodging, that without his own Diſcovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and if I may adviſe you, you ſhall give over this unluckly thing called Reaſon, and betake your ſelf wholly to Revelations.

How

How theſe Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Juſtice, I cannot tell; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reaſon to thank you for this laſt, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Deſire to deſtroy the Parliament, or make it uſeleſs, a Purpoſe to ſubvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it, and the People what a deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can juſtly, in your own Senſe, accuſe the King of, is but Diſcontinuance, or untimely Diſſolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Senſe you can interpret a Deſign to deſtroy the Parliaments, ſince all the World knows when he parted with his Power, to diſſolve the Parliament too. But ſee how doubly unjuſt you are; you accuſe him for not calling Parliaments ſo often as he was bound to do by the Law once a Year, (as you ſay) or oftner, but never conſider how that is impoſſible to be done, without diſſolving them as often, for doing which, notwithſtanding with ſo much Clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconſiſtencies, and may with much more Reaſon accuſe him for calling Parliaments, becauſe if he had not called them, he could never have diſſolved them; which is very like your way of Argument.

But

But much better than you commonly uſe for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Counſellers, ought to be accountable for the Male Adminiſtrations, Injuſtices, and Oppreſſions of the Parliament, your Reaſons are, becauſe he made ſuch wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were ſomething, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for if they made the King as you ſay they did, you have cleared him of all ſuch horrid Crimes, Murders, and Maſſacres, which you take ſo much Pains to no purpoſe, to accuſe him of; and like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whoſe Score you ſet them: Your next Buſineſs will be, to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him right, to make him ſole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a ſhare in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And theſe are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppoſitions of Intentions and Deſigns,

Deſigns, which how far you have proved juſt or profitable, let any Man but your ſelf judge: The Courſe you take afterwards, is much worſe in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, (which is worſe) prove them upon their own bottom, as when you take upon you to ſtate the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cauſe of it, you do it thus:

The King (you ſay) ſet up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Perſonal Intereſt, Power, and pretended Prerogative, againſt the publick Intereſt of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this? Becauſe he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and diſſolve Parliaments, a negative Voice, to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inhance or debaſe Money, and avoid his own Grants. Theſe you call his Perſonal Intereſt, Power, and Prerogative, which you ſay he fought for: Now put the Poſition and Proof together, and ſee what Senſe it will make, truly no[illegible]e but this, That he made War for his Prerogative, becauſe he fought for his Prerogative: Is not not this fine Logick! but ſuppoſe it were Senſe, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? To this you have not one Word to ſay; and why then ſhould we ra-

ther take your Word than the King's, who proteſted he took Arms in Defence of the Proteſtant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, Priviledges of Parliament, and the Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words than your Arguments, if he does but conſider that the moſt improbable part of all, (he proteſted to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament,) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the reſt is, time will inſtruct you. But yet I cannot ſee why we ſhould not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Perſon, and their own Privileges, which how they have performed your ſelf can tell; but all this while you miſtake your own Queſtion, which was not the right of the Cauſe, but the Cauſe, or (as you have it) the Occaſion of the War; and if you had a purpoſe to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Aſſaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they ſhould in publick; and therefore, ſince we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Cauſes, 'tis moſt juſt for us to place the Cauſe of the War where we find the firſt Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had

had the Unhappineſs to be acquainted with the Method of their own undoing, can very well teſtify. And if the Parliament ſhould deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they firſt raiſed Horſe and Arms, they pretended to do ſo, becauſe it appeared the King ſeduced by wicked Counſel, intended to make War againſt the Parliament; whereby they confeſs he had not then done it, and they had ſo little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to uſurp the Right of his Cauſe, to juſtify their own; and they ſay, took Arms for the Defence of the King, which if we grant, it muſt follow they firſt made War againſt him; for no Body elſe ever did, againſt whom they could poſſibly defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the firſt Violence, leſs declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he ſet up his Standard, they both followed and ſet upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will ſtill find the *Scots* (whoſe Quarrel the Parliament took up at the ſecond Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the firſt Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do leſs than he did, I cannot underſtand: Firſt, he was bound by the Law of Nature (which you ſay is Legiſlative, and

hath a ſuſpenſive Power over all Human Laws) to defend himſelf. Secondly, by his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace; and how could he do that, but by his raiſing Power to ſuppreſs thoſe who had already broken it? Thirdly, by the Laws of the Land, which you ſay truſted him with the Power of the Sword, and how could he preſerve that Truſt, if he had ſate ſtill, and ſuffered others not only to take it from him, but to uſe it againſt him.

But it is moſt probable that he never intended it, elſe he was very unwiſe to let them be before-hand with him, in ſeizing upon his Caſtles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reaſon imagin'd, but that he was to give them any Occaſion (in ſecuring them) to ſuſpect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was loth ſo far from being the Cauſe of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it ſo long, 'till he was fain to take Arms at ſo great a Diſadvantage, as he had almoſt as good have ſate ſtill, and ſuffered. And in this you have uſed the King with the ſame Juſtice the Chriſtians receiv'd from *Nero*, who having ſet *Rome* on fire himſelf, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it

on

on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your Purpose, and therefore declined it for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more prepostrerons way yet, to prove both; by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpose, you have the Confidence (in spight of Sense) to make Contingencies the final Cause of Things; And impolitick Accidental, possible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick-spirited Men (as you call them) may be made away, and the Murderers Pardon, *&c.* All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, (and no part of his Quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for that; when you have strained your Ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for a Power to do that, which he never would do when it was in his Power: But if you take this Liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir your self, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King,

before

before ſuch an impartial High Court of Juſtice as this! how would you charge him with his Miſgovernment in Nature, for which, by the very ſame Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in cauſiug the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleaſure of the Stronger; that he ſet up a Sun to dazle our Eyes, that we might not ſee; and to kindle Feavers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us, Water to drown us, and Air to poiſon us, and then demand Juſtice againſt him; all which you may eaſily do, now you have the trick on't, for the very ſame Reaſon will ſerve again, and with much more Probability, for 'tis eaſier to prove, that Men have been burnt, and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever uſed your finer Device to remove publick ſpirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injuſtice, ſuppoſe he ever would? For 'tis ſo much, as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greateſt Oppoſers, (for ſuch you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Deſert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attorney General *Noy*, (and for other honeſt Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition ſet againſt him, by your own Confeſſion; he did not ſuffer thoſe black Stars, (very ſtrange ones) to ſlit their Noſes, and crop their Ears.

But

But now I think of theſe honeſt publick ſpirited Men, certainly ſome of them have not ſo good an Opinion of the Honeſty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture not only their Ears again, (if they had them) but their Heads too, in Defiance of your moſt comprehenſive piece of Juſtice, whoſe Cauſe, while you take upon you to plead againſt their Conſent, as you have done your Honourable Clients the People; you deſerve in reaſon to be thrown over the Barr by your own Party, for you but confeſs your own Injuſtice, while you acknowledge the publick Honeſty of thoſe that oppoſe it.

How ſolid or pertinent thoſe Arguments of yours have been, let any Man that is ſober, judge: But you are reſolved, right or wrong, they ſhall paſs, to let us know how eaſily he that has the Unhappineſs to be judged by his Enemies, is found guilty of any thing they pleaſe to lay to his Charge; and therefore ſatisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence and condemn the the King with much Frailty, by the fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Conſent of all rational Men in the World, for imploying the Power of the Sword to the Deſtruction of the People, with which they intruſted him for their own Protection. How

you

you got the Consent of rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis most certain, (by your own Confession) that he never imployed the Sword, but against those who first fought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possiblility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Nonsense; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him were the People that trusted him; not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the People, the People as you have Confidence to call your honourable Clients, being not the twentieth part of the very Rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*: For it is easier to divide a Child into two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't, you shall be next allowed to prove, That take four out of six, there remains six: Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, That the King can do no Wrong, you maintain a new one much worse, That he may suffer any; and having limited

limited his Power to act only according to Law, expoſe him to ſuffer, not only without, but againſt Law. Truly it is hard Meaſure, but rather than fail of your purpoſe, you will make as bold with Scriptures as you have done with Reaſon, if it ſtand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apoſtles, Where no Law is, there is no Tranſgreſſion, to mean, where there is neither Law of God nor Nature, nor poſitive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly, you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you muſt do before you can make this Scripture to be underſtood to your purpoſe; and I cannot but ſmile to think, how hard a Task that will be for ſuch a ſtrong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your ſelf affirm; for when you deny it poſſible to ſuppoſe two ſupreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confeſs the King to be ſupreme, when you ſay very elegantly, he made Head againſt the Parliament, who acknowledged him to be the Head thereof; and yet you ſay the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impoſſible to imagine.

But ſuch lucky Contradictions of your ſelf, as well as Senſe, are as familiar with you as Railing; for beſides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Conſtruction as the Purpoſe; there are others, which for your Encouragement ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the King the moſt abominable Tyrant that ever People ſuffer'd under, yet you ſay he was beloved of ſome, and feared abroad: His Judges you compared to the Saints ſitting in Judgment at the laſt Day, and yet by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in ſitting by a Commiſſion of Force; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom; and yet, till the People voluntarily ſubmit to a Government, (which they never did to the Authority of that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you ſay) petitioned the King as good Subjects; and yet immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himſelf Servant; ſo they give him the Honour of his own Royal Aſſent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His Trial you call moſt Impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profeſt Enemies. But you hit pretty right when you ſay he cauſed more Proteſtant Blood to be ſhed than ever was ſpilt, either by *Rome*, Heathen, or Anti-chriſtian; for grant

grant that partly to be true, and confeſs as much Proteſtant Blood as ever was ſpilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unleſs they could kill Proteſtants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World; which eloquent piece of Nonſenſe we muſt impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confuſion of Notions, which you pleaſe. Nor are thoſe Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Courſe of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greateſt Wrong; and are there only rational, where you are moſt inhumane, as in your additional Accuſations, ſince his Death, for there you undertake to prove ſomething, and give your Reaſons (ſuch as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an advantage too unreaſonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments conſiſt only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Conſtructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove; and if we ſhould grant all you would ſay, and ſuppoſe you ſaid it in Senſe or Order, it would ſerve you to no purpoſe, unleſs you have by Proof or Argument applied it to him, which you never went about to do. But

But if this were the worſt, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who can preſerve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injuſtice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuſe the King after his Death, of what you were aſhamed to charge him with when alive? For what you ſay concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never uſed it farther than they found it of Advantage to ſome Deſign they had in hand; as when they would move the King to grant their Propoſitions, they made it ſerve for an Argument to him; if he would ſign, he ſhould be ſtill their Gracious King; if not, he killed his Father: But when they found he would not be convinced of ſuch Logick, they laid it utterly aſide, for (without doubt) they had not loſt an Advantage ſo uſeful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have coſt them more Impudence to maintain, than they ſhould need to uſe in proceeding without it; but let us conſider your Student's Might, with which you firſt ſay you are ſatisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. Firſt, he was obſerved to hate the Duke, but inſtantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his ſpecial Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art muſt

be

be the Cauſe. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common Manner of Princes, who uſe to love the Treaſon, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been ſo politick a Tyrant as you would deſcribe him, he would never believe his Life ſafe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much leſs his Enemy, whom ſuch a King would never truſt) of whoſe Gift and Secreſy he held them both; nor is it likely that he who would not ſpare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, ſhould ſpare the Life of his Enemy to ſecure it. As for his diſſolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wiſe Men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove, but if you could, you muſt conſider, that in ſuch Caſes, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Juſtice, ſince no Innocence can ſerve them, if they lie as open to the Queſtion, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the beter Satisfaction of thoſe you appeal to, I ſhall add this: It is moſt certain that this Humour of Innovation began to ſtir in the firſt Parliament of this King, and grew to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which end, they firſt reſolved to pull down the chief Inſtrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham*:

But

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But

But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Course than to impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who out of the common Fate of Favourites, generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiours, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed by this means bound up from protecting the Duke, (though he knew his Innocency) left the Envy and Fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further Attempts, (which always begin with such Sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty since his Death of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a Ground for all your proofs, If you meet

a Man running down Stairs with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find a Man ſtabbed in the Chamber, though you did not ſee this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met; yet if you were of the Jury, you durſt not but find him Guilty of the Murther, I hope not before you know whether the Man killed were ſent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may ſay it muſt be in his own Defence: Truly you are a ſubtil Enquirer, but let us hear ſome of the clear Proofs; firſt, he durſt never deny it abſolutely; beſides the notorious Falſhood of that, it is moſt ſenſeleſs to imagine, that he who had Wickedneſs enough to commit ſo horrid an Act, ſhould have the innocent Modeſty not to deny it, when he durſt not own it. He ſent Thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket* by *Ormond*, which you are confident his Height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themſelves; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the Thanks, be by the ſame Reaſon as well proved guilty as the King? What's next, If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thouſand Declarations, and have ſent to all Princes in the World for Aſſiſtance againſt ſuch Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, *&c.* That was impoſſible to be done without ſending to the Pope, and then you would have proved

it

it clear indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the *Irish* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain, they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpose; after the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogative against the Puritans in the Parliament of *England*, which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the Rebellion: But observe then what will follow; after the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights and Dignities, against all Opposers whatsoever; and therefore by the same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament raised against himself. But did they not say they had his Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, Fiends and Fire-brands, and bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone; do you think such are not to be believed, (especially when they speak for their own Advantage) rather than

than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Weſtminſter*, who likewiſe, when they raiſed Forces, ſaid, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of theſe? And yet you cannot be perſwaded, but his Offer to go in Perſon to ſuppreſs the Rebellion, was a Deſign to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have deſtroyed this Nation; that's very ſtrange! but firſt, how ſhall we believe what you ſay before, (to ſhew your Breeding? Never was Bear ſo unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare againſt the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Perſon to ſuppreſs them: When you made this agree in Senſe, let us know how you can ſuppoſe the ſame Perſon, the wiſeſt King in Chriſtendom, and yet ſo fooliſh to ſtudy his own Deſtruction; for who could ſuffer ſo much in the Ruin of this Nation as himſelf? For his hindering the Earl of *Leiceſter*'s going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reaſon to do ſo, than the Parliament had to hinder him, and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That the ſold or exchang'd for Arms and Ammunition the Cloath and Proviſions ſent by the Parliament to the Proteſtants in *Ireland*, you muſt either accuſe the Parliament,

which ſeiz'd upon his Arms firſt, and uſed them againſt him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himſelf. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's as their very good Friends. I ſee you are not ſuch a Wizard at Deſigns as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepeſt Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have ſpared no longer to have proved him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may ſeem as vain as your ſelf in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that would have ſerv'd inſtead of all to convince you of Wickedneſs and Folly in this Buſineſs, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which by your own Rule, ought to be taken (*pro confeſſo*) there was never any ſuch thing.

I will not trouble my ſelf nor any Body with your *French* Legend, as being too inconſiderable to deſerve any ſerious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-ſays, and proved with your own Conjectures, which how far we are to credit from a Man of ſo much Byaſs and Miſtakes, any of thoſe you appeal to, ſhall determine, to whom I

ſhall

ſhall ſay bnt this, that you do but acknowledge the Injuſtice of the Sentence, while you ſtrove to make it good with ſuch Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken ſo much Pains to mend it: And I hope your High Court will puniſh you for it, whoſe Reputation your officious Indiſcretion hath much impared to no purpoſe: For tho' we ſhould grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all juſtify the King's Death, ſince he did not Die in Relation to any thing there objected; and all you can poſſibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him guilty, becauſe he was puniſhed; for you can never prove him puniſhed, becauſe he was guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have ſo much Charity to believe it, being of a different Thread of Language, none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your Muſty *Peters*, or elſe you writ Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, ſure I am it could come from no Body elſe; and having ſaid ſo, I hope I ſhall need to ſay no more; for I ſhall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it: But ſince 'tis but a Frippery of common places of Pulpit-Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Paſſion, I am content you ſhould uſe them

your ſelf, and be allowed to ſay any thing with as little regard, as if you wore your Priviledge : Yet leſt you ſhould grow ſo conceited as to believe your ſelf, I will take *Solomon*'s Advice, and anſwer you not in your own way of Railing or Falſhood, but in doing ſome Right to Truth, and the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.

The

The Character of the Royal Martyr, King *Charles* I. By Mr. *Buttler.*

THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Vertues, his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so unblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscall it, either an Easiness to be inflicted by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration, and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues, was no mean Cause of his undoing; for if he had not stated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high, (as his Enemies did) they had

had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wiſdom and Knowledge were of ſo Noble a Capacity, that nothing lay ſo much out of his reach, as the profound Wickedneſs of his Enemies, which his own Goodneſs would neither give him Leave to ſuſpect, nor his Experience Power to diſcover; for they managed the whole Courſe of his Ruin, as they did the laſt Act of it, in Diſguiſe; elſe ſo great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy, of ignorant Perſons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to diſſemble, unleſs concealing his own Perfections were ſo; in which he only deceived his People, who never underſtood his great Abilities, till their Sins were puniſhed with the Loſs of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Reſolutions of the ancient Romans, *but the humble Patience of the primitive Martyrs; ſo far from the Manners of Tyrants, who uſe to wiſh all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his laſt Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only conſulting, but praying for the Preſervation of thoſe whom he knew reſolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Deſtruction.*

All this, and much more, the Juſtice of Poſterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true

true of him, than any of thoſe Slanders you (or the mad Wickedneſs of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which ſhall then, like Dung caſt at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flouriſhing and glorious; when all thoſe Monuments of Infamy you have raiſed, ſhall become the Trophies of his Vertue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conſcience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, ſhall call upon you, you will ſee what you have done, and find there is no Murther ſo horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Juſtice; nor any Injuſtice ſo notorious, as that which takes Advantage both of the firſt Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this laſt, you have been very ſinful; and in accuſing the Dead, have not behaved your ſelf ſo like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whoſe Office is to be Sollicitor-General in ſuch Caſes. I will not judge you, leſt I ſhould do worſe, imitate you: But certainly, you will find it the worſt kind of Witchcraft, to raiſe the Devil by ſacrificing to your own Malice, eſpecially to ſo bad a purpoſe as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Chriſt, and uſurp his Juriſdiction before his Coming, which you have preſumed to do with more Rudeneſs than *Hackett* uſed, and leſs Formality in not ſending your Fore-

runner

runnner to proclaim (in a Turnep-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worſt of all is, you ſeem to glory in your Sins, and aſſert the Martyrdom of your Wickedneſs, for having ſuppoſed a Poſſibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm your ſelf with a forc'd Reſolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no Reaſon to think any Man can believe you have deſerved a violent Death; no, you have deſerved rather to live long; ſo long, till you ſee your ſelf become the Controverſy of wild Beaſts, and be fain to prove our Scare-crow. Unleſs you ſhall think it juſt, as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, ſo you ſhould fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not Hang-man bad enough for *Judas*, but himſelf, and when you ſhall think fit to do your ſelf ſo much Right, you ſhall be your own Sooth-ſayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliack*, to whom with more Likeneſs compare your ſelf, than to *Henry* the Fourth, for you are no King. What *Raviliack* was, is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conſcience.

FINIS.

The True

PRESBYTERIAN

Without Diſguiſe:

OR, A

CHARACTER

OF A

Presbyterian's Ways and Actions.

By *Sir* John Denham, *Knight*.

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THE CHARACTER OF A *PRESBYTERIAN.*

A *Presbyter* is such a monst'rous thing,
That loves Democracy, and hates a King.
For Royal Issue, never making Prayers,
Since Kingdoms (as he thinks) should have no Heirs;
But stand Elective, that the Holy Crew
May (when their Zeal transports them) chuse a New:
And is so strongly grounded in Belief,
That Antichrist his Coming will be brief.
As he dares swear (if he dares swear at all)
The *Quakers* are ordain'd to make him fall.

From whence he grows impatient, and he ſays,
The wiſeſt Counſels are but fond Delays,
To hold him ling'ring in deluding Hope,
Elſe long e're this he had ſubdu'd the *Pope*.

A *Presbyter* is he, whoſe Heart doth hate
The Man (how good ſoe're) advanc'd in State,
And finding his Diſeaſe a Leproſie,
Doth judge, that all in Court *Gehezi*'s be;
Whilſt he himſelf in Bribery is loſt,
And Lyes for Gain unto the Holy Ghoſt:
When tho' in ſhew he ſeems a grave *Tobias*.
He is within a very *Ananias*.
The Lay-profane Name (*Lord*) he hates, and ſays,
It is th'approaching Sign of the laſt Days,
For Church-men to be ſtiled ſo; nay, more,
'Tis Uſher to the *Babylonian* Whore.
The Biſhops Habits, with the Tip and Rochets,
Beget in him ſuch Fancies and ſuch Crotchets,

That

That he believes it is a thing as evil
To look on them, as to behold the Devil.
And for the Government Epiſcopal,
That he condemns to be the worſt of all;
Becauſe the primeſt Times did ſuffer no Man
To exalt himſelf, for all was held in common:
Yet 'tis moſt ſtrange, when he is moſt Zeal-ſick,
Nothing can cure him, but a Biſhoprick;
Where once inveſted, proves without all ſcope;
Inſulting, boundleſs, more than any *Pope*.

A *Presbyter* is he that's never known
To think on any good beſides his own;
And all his Doctrine is of Hope and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis *Popery*, he ſaith:
And is not only ſilent in good Works,
But in his Practice too, reſemble *Turks*.
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells,
(Can he get Pow'r) 'tis ten to one he ſells:

For

For his well-tuned Ears cannot abide
A jangling Noiſe, but when his Neighbours chide.

A *Presbyter* is he, that never prays,
But all the World muſt hear him what he ſays;
And in that Faſhion too, that all may ſee
He is an open Modern Phariſee.
The Name of *Sabbath* ſtill he keeps, ('tis true)
But ſo he is leſs *Chriſtian*, more a *Jew*;
Nor ſettled Form of Prayer his Zeal will keep,
But preacheth all his purer Flock aſleep:
To ſtudy what to ſay, where for to doubt
Of a preſumed Grace to hold him out;
And to be learned, is to Human thought;
The Apoſtles all (he ſays) were Men untaught;
And thus he proves it for the beſt to be
A ſimple Teacher of Divinity.
The Reverence which Ceaemony brings
Into the Sacred Church, his Conſcience ſtings,

Which

Which is ſo void of Grace, and ſo ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament;
But ſits more like a Judge, than like a Sinner,
And takes it juſt as he receives his Dinner.
Thus do his ſaucy Poſtures ſpeak his Sin,
For as without, ſuch is his Heart within.

A *Presbyter* is he, who doth defame
Thoſe Reverend Anceſtors from whence he came,
And like a Graceleſs Child, above all other,
Denies Reſpect unto the Church, his Mother:
His Fellow Proteſtants he ſcorns, as Men
Not ſav'd, becauſe they are not Brethren:
And leſt his Doctrine ſhould be counted new,
He wears an ancient Beard to make it true.

A *Presbyter* is he that thinks his Place
At every Table is to ſay the Grace;

When

When the good Man, or when his Child hath paid,
(ſaid,
And Thanks to God for King and Realm hath
He then ſtarts up, and thinks his ſelf a Debter,
Till he doth cry, I pray you thank God better:
When long he prays for every living thing,
But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.

A *Presbyter* is he, would wond'rous fain
Be call'd Diſciple by the Holy Train;
Which to be worthy of, he'll ſtray and err,
Ten Miles to hear a ſilenc'd Miniſter.
He loves a Veſper Sermon, hates a Mattin,
As he deteſts the Fathers nam'd in *Latin*.
And as he *Friday Sunday* makes in Diet,
Becauſe the King and Canons do deny it,
The ſelf ſame Nature makes him to repair
To Week-day Lectures, more than *Sundays* Prayer.
And as the Man muſt needs in all things err,
He ſtarves his Parſon, crams his Lecturer.

A

A *Presbyter* is he, whose Heart is bent
To cross the King's Designs in Parliament,
Where, whilst the place of Burgess he doth bear,
He thinks he owes but small Allegiance there;
But stands at distance, as some higher thing,
Like a *Licurgus*, or a kind of King.
Then, as in errant Times bold Knights were (wont
To seek out Monsters, and Adventures hunt;
So with his Wit and Valour, he doth try
How the Prerogative he may defy.
This he attempts, and first he fain would know
If that the Soveraign Power be new, or no:
Or if it were not fitter Kings should be
Confin'd unto a limited Degree;
And for his part, likes a Plebean State,
Where the poor Mechanicks may still debate
All Matters at their Pleasure, not confin'd
To this or that, but as they Cause do find;

When, tho' that every Voice againſt him go,
He'll ſlay the Giant with his ſingle (No.)
He in his Heart, tho' at a poor Expence,
Abhors a Gift that's call'd Benevolence;
For as his Mind, ſo is his Bounty bent,
And ſtill unto the King malevolent.
He is the States-man, juſt enough preciſe,
The neareſt Government to ſcandalize;
Nor like a Drunkard, when he doth expoſe
In ſecret underneath the ſilent Roſe,
To uſe his Freedom, when the Pot might bear
The Faults which cloſely he committed there;
But *Shimei*-like, to all the Men he meets,
He ſpews his frantick Venom in the Streets:
And tho' he ſays the Spirit moves him to it,
The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.
A *Preſbyter* is he, (elſe there is none)
That thinks the King will change Religion:

His

His doubtful Thought, like to his Moon-blind (Eyes,
Makes the Beaſt ſtart at every Shape he 'ſpies;
And what his fond miſtaken Fancy breed,
He doth believe as firmly as the *Creed*;
From whence he doth proclaim a Faſt to all,
That he allows to be Canonical:
And then he conſecrates a ſecret Room,
Where none but the elected Siſters come;
When being meet, doth Treaſon bodly teach,
And will not Faſt and Pray, but Faſt and Preach.
Then ſtrains a Text, whereon he may relate
The Church's Danger, Diſcontent of State,
And hold them there ſo long in Fear and Doubt,
That ſome do think 'tis Danger to go out,
Believing, if they hear the Ceiling crack,
The Biſhops are behind them at their Back;
And ſo they ſit bewailing one another,
Each groaning Siſter howling to her Brother.
A *Preſbyter* is he, has Womens Fears,

And yet will ſet the whole World by the Ears;
He'll rail in publick, if the King deny
To let the Quarrel of the *Spaniard* die;
He ſtorms to hear in *France* the Wars ſhould ceaſe,
And that by Treaty, there ſhould be Peace:
For ſure (ſaith he) the Church doth Honour want,
When 'tis not truly called Militant;
And in plain Truth, as far as I can find,
He bears the ſelf-ſame Treaſonable Mind
As doth the *Jeſuit*; for tho' they be
Tongue-Enemies in ſhew, their Hearts agree,
And both profeſſed Foes alike, conſent,
Both to betray the Anointed Innocent;
For tho' their Manners differ, yet they aim
That either may the King or Kingdom maim;
The Difference is this way underſtood,
One in Sedition, t'other deals in Blood.
Their Characters abridg'd, if you will have,
Each ſeems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.

THE END.

THE CHARACTER OF A *Modern Whig*: OR, The *Republican* in Faſhion.

THE CHARACTER OF A *Modern Whig.*

A Modern Whig, is a new Book with an old Title, at firſt Sight you'll expect *Hypocriſy* to be the Contents of it, but ſurvey it well, and you'll find it made up of *Impudence*. Since Masks were forbid at the *Play-Houſe*, he has taken off his, and the Woman of the Town has this to agree with him, that as ſhe makes Application to her Clients Bare-fac'd, ſo does he, only the laſt is more indefatigable in debauching their Souls, than the firſt in diſtempering their Body.

His Fore-fathers in *Forty One*, are meer Pigmies in *Sedition* to him; their Pretence was to remove evil Counſellors from their Soveraign, but he is never at Reſt, 'till he gets into an Employment to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his. When the

the *Penal Laws and Teſt* were in Vogue, who ſo violent a Church-man as he? When Toleration came in, who ſo cool and eſtrang'd from what he before was ſo zealous a Profeſſor of?

Aſk him his Religion, and his Anſwer is, It is older than the Ten Commandments; but queſtion him about thoſe Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, ſince the fifth muſt needs ſlip him, becauſe it enjoins Obedience to his Superiors. He is not for an *Ariſtocracy*, becauſe he's conſcious to himſelf, if only the *beſt Men* were to be choſen for our Rulers, he ſhould never have a Finger in the Pye; but a Democracy ſuits him to a Hair, becauſe of his Mob-principles.

Though he is not qualify'd to be one of *Oliver*'s Chaplains, becauſe he is not Rogue enough, he may ſerve for one of his Water-men, for to look one way, and row another, is their Buſineſs. He was put into a Poſt, under pretence of being a Church-man', but is taught by Experience, that the ready way to keep in it, is not to be againſt the *Diſſenters*; for ſome Body has ſaid, *They are too great a Body to be diſoblig'd*, and he knows he ſtands upon ſlippery Ground, while

while he gives not implicite Obedience to *ſome Body's* Orders.

He's an *Ariſtotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs too much to be a Philoſopher, and his Actions are ſufficient Arguments to ſhew, that the Corruption of one thing, is the Generation of another. He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks it of no Conſequence what becomes of the old. He's of an Al-a-mode Cut, and the very Reaſon that they ſhould be of Force with him to ſtand up for the Church, ſlackens his Reſolutions to defend her. She has been a Church from the Beginning; and *King Solomon's Miſtreſs* is too antiquated for a Courtier's Embraces.

He's a pretended Stickler for the Queen's Authority, juſt ſo long as he receives the Queen's Money; while, to ſhew how undeſerving he is of her Royal Favours, he confederates himſelf for the downfal of the Queen's Religion. He's an *Engliſh*-man, with a *Scotch* Heart, an *Iriſh* pair of Heels, and a *Spaniſh* Countenance. His Courage is in chuſing the ſtrongeſt Side, his Conſtancy in being ever ſubject to Variation, and his Honeſty, in what

you think to call it, for I know not where to find it, unleſs it be in his Gravity.

He's for a ſingle Miniſtry, that he may play the *Tom Double* under it, and had rather the Management of Affairs ſhould be in one, than in many; becauſe *in the Multitude of Counſellors*, there would be no Safety for him, and the fewer the Superintendants, the more may be the Miſcarriages of thoſe that are ſubordinate to them, without being diſcern'd. Not that he is of this Temper for any other Account, ſince notwithſtanding his pretended Affection to her Majeſty and Government, he leans much more towards a *Commonwealth*, than a Monarchy, and had rather the Executive Power was to be entruſted with a Committee of Safety, and he to be the *Obadiah* of the Party, than to be lodg'd where it is.

He might be a *Camœlion* for his different Appearances, but he knows not how to live upon Air. He's a meer *Reptile*, that ſhould have had the Serpent for his Father, from his ſolliciting other People to Sin; and *Eve* for his Mother, by his Readineſs to comply with Temptations himſelf. He was born when the Parliament Army was in an Uproar, and had a mutinous Tongue all the laſt Reign, but his Eye-ſight took away

away the Uſe of it; for he no ſooner ſaw the Apple of Preferment, but he laid hold of it, and was ſilent.

He's a meer *Weather-cock*, though not a High Church-man, and always faces about, and turns his Back-ſide upon every Wind, but what blows from the Court. He never looks upon her Majeſty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes, for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continued what he was. He's *Regis ad Exemplum* only in his Cloths, not his Principles, and pays a greater Deference to her Majeſty's Way of Dreſs, than her Worſhip. He's the very Reverſe of one of the Members of the Rump Parliament, even while he ſides with them that juſtify their Proceedings: They ſet aſide the Houſe of Lords as uſeleſs; he's for pulling down the Authority of the Houſe of Commons, and making a Surrendry of their Rights in one Point, that he may be taken for a Man of peaceable Diſpoſitions in all other. He ſhould be an *Iſraelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the ſame time as the reſt of his Actions ſpeak him to be an *Infidel*; and the only way to trace his Original to the Fountain Head, is to ſearch for his Fore-fathers among the Male-contents in the Wilderneſs, where

'tis

'tis ten to one but you find them a crying Liberty and Property for the Fleſh-Pots of *Egypt*.

He's neither a Prophet, nor one of the Sons of the Prophets himſelf, though he is pointed out by the Prophet *Eſaiah*, for one of thoſe that ſay, *Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace*, and has always a mouthful of *Moderation* at your Service, when his Heart is full *Intemperance of Perſecution*; and he only has a Value for the *Word*, becauſe of all others in the *Engliſh* Vocabulary, it is made Uſe of but once in Holy Scripture.

To conclude; He may be underſtood, but not thoroughly defin'd, for his ill Practices are without end, and ſo might his Deſcription. Wherefore I ſhall take my Leave of him, by ſaying, He's like one of our faſhionable things call'd *Beaux*, that has no Brains, becauſe they are out of Date; ſo has he no *Honeſty*. And if my Reader is in ſearch after one that is neither *Fiſh*, *Fleſh*, nor good *Red Herring*, that is, neither Chriſtian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretick, ſimply, but has a Reliſh of the Leaven of all Sects complexly; here you have him at your Service, and much good may it do you with the Bargain, for I am glad to rid my Hands of him.

FINIS.